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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Altrincham will do very well. A seat that was Liberal less than four years ago is won by a majority more than ten times as large as that of Mr. Fletcher when he won the seat from the Radicals in December 1910. It is a northern constituency and in the Manchester district. All the omens are good. It is not pretended in this election that all the great issues between parties were not duly put before the electors. Both Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Shuttleworth argued the whole position fairly and fully at their meetings. No doubt irritation at the working or non-working of the Insurance Act played its part, probably the most active part, in bringing over votes from the Liberals; but it is absurd to pretend that this is not a vote on Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment as well. As there are, and we suppose must be, still some safe Liberal seats, we hope Mr. Shuttleworth will reappear in one of them. If the Liberal managers can keep their candidates to this pattern, it will be very good for the country.

To what extent has the Chancellor of the Exchequer been shaken by the Marconi affair and the attacks on him in his own Press? It is very difficult to say. He has been shaken. His whole tone of late shows this quite clearly. Radicals say he has lost for ever the leadership. But the odd chance that he has been quietly leading the House—as unobtrusively as he could manage it—this week is to be noted.

Mr. Lloyd George has been leading a House of Commons which it can hardly be disputed is at this time the exact contrary of Edmund Burke's ideal House. Burke, in an extremely interesting and original passage, said that the House of Commons could not for a moment claim to be the one popular representative—the King was that, so were the Lords. But "the virtue, spirit

and essence of a House of Commons consists in its being the express image of the feelings of the nation. It was not instituted to be a control *upon* the people, as of late it has been taught, by a doctrine of the most pernicious tendency. It was designed as a control *for* the people". Liberals—even Radicals—still do lip service to Burke sometimes. But everyone who reads Burke knows that he bears witness in every page almost against this Government party.

Mr. Lloyd George has again delivered his speech on the Insurance Act. We know the formula—first a description of the woes of sick people in "humble" homes; afterwards a few statistics as to the number of doctors who are attending them and the number of pennies they are receiving as benefit—the conclusions being that only Mr. Lloyd George feels the wretchedness of the poor, and that the Insurance Act as it stands is better than no Insurance Act. Mr. George, in fact, evades criticism by evading the issue. This is not whether the Insurance Act is doing good, but whether it might not quite easily have done better. Sanatoria, for instance. His critics do not, as he pretends, censure him for not being able to complete his arrangements in an impossible time; but for professing in advance what he could not perform, and for rushing his machinery into action before it was ready. Mr. George's critics object, not that 15,000 doctors are attending insured people, or that he has 6000 workmen in sanatoria, but that the 15,000 doctors are not well chosen, nor wisely distributed; and that the 6000 workmen represent only a fraction of the liabilities to which Mr. George has pledged himself.

Meantime Mr. Asquith, with the Newmarket result behind him, and the Altrincham result in front of him, promised amendment of the Insurance Act. This amendment will probably be confined to putting right the finance of the Act, and improving the conditions of insurance for casual labourers and out-workers. A thorough overhauling of the Act is quite impossible without an autumn session. Even amendment from the Opposition—any amendment that would lead to controversy—seems out of the question in the few days available between now and the middle or end of August.

Mr. Bonar Law at Queen's Hall was not for apology or extenuation. His speech was resolute attack from start to finish. All the balmy breezes do not blow upon the Government and upon Mr. Lloyd George, as one would imagine from the Chancellor's Criccieth hortation. There is a balmy breeze from Newmarket and Altrincham, and far better than any single by-election is the spirit, at last attained, of unity and hope. All is "glad, confident morning again" with the Unionists; "doubt, hesitation and pain" are with the Government.

Hot-weather strikes are a recognised symptom in climates where "Time and change, they range and range". The House of Commons has this week seemed upon the edge of one. Members have been complaining of long speeches; and Mr. Speaker, interpreting the sense of the House, has asked an honourable member to be brief. Mr. Speaker chose well the occasion of his appeal. Mr. Martin's hour and twenty-minutes of "tedious repetition" was, apart from the weather on Wednesday, extremely exasperating. Later in the day (Mr. Wedgwood speaking) Mr. Crooks was clearly moved to go upon hot-weather strike. He wanted to know "whether it was in order for the hon. member to repeat himself twenty times".

"England is considered last of all" is Mr. Balfour's conclusion as to the Home Rule Bill for Scotland. Mr. Balfour, though a Scotsman, does not see why English taxpayers should be robbed of half-a-million for the benefit of Scottish taxpayers. The House of Commons yesterday wasted a precious afternoon upon a Bill for Scotland that not even Scotland desires. A handful of Scottish Liberals cannot rush the Government after the example of the Irish Nationalists. As Mr. Scott Dickson pointed out, Ministers who sat for Scotland were conspicuously absent yesterday.

Lord Eversley on Wednesday proposed to the House of Lords that it should be made illegal to sell for export any British monument whatsoever. This, as Lord Curzon warned him, would virtually prohibit sale by auction; and was impracticable. No one is more anxious to keep English monuments in England than Lord Curzon. But Lord Curzon quite realises the folly of trying by merely prohibitive measures to stop this stripping England of its past. His method is prevention in the old sense rather than the new. He would not forbid people to sell monuments; he would urge the State to buy them.

If the English public has lost interest in English monuments, and is willing to lose touch with the past of England, it is little use trying to help it, or save it losses it does not feel. Lord Curzon would give it a chance to save its monuments by purchase, not compel the public to keep them. This, by the way, is an imperial office. It should not be left to county councils and corporations. The Government amendment putting this charge upon local rates should not have been allowed to pass.

Fortified by a resolution of the Ambassadors, Sir Edward Grey told the Greek and Servian delegates that they must sign the Peace Treaty or leave London. Diplomatic manners do not improve; but the treaty of peace with Turkey has been signed. The really important thing now is peace between the Allies. It is important to note that this settlement has been decreed by the Powers. The fiction that only certain questions are reserved for them disappears, for the treaty which the Allies were asked to sign was the Powers' treaty, every word of it—with all the consequences.

This bears directly on the quarrel between the Allies. Had they been free to deal with Albania as they chose, the Macedonian trouble would probably not have arisen. Clearly the Powers must take note of the situation they have made. Seeing this the Allies are endeavouring to agree. General Savoff is to meet M. Venizelos at Salonica, nominally to confer about a neutral zone, really, no doubt, to promise the port to Greece. The Servian Premier has stated his case before Parliament

in an unprovocative speech, and has arranged to meet the Bulgarian Premier at the frontier over the weekend. Behind the scenes is the Russian Ambassador at Belgrade, M. Hartwig, the author of the League, who will do everything to preserve his work.

French Cabinets have long lamented the preaching of disloyalty and desertion. Now a French Cabinet has acted. Much is due to the new spirit in France. The Government feels it has public opinion behind it. To ransack the offices of the Confédération Générale is a bold step; but obviously this treason must be rooted out. The plans of the anti-militarist agitators include assassination of officers at the outbreak of war, wilful misdirection of mobilisation orders, the destruction of bridges and magazines. Moreover, there is a steady "education" of soldiers in sabotage and sedition. England cannot refuse support and sympathy to the French Government in this affair. Mr. Tom Mann was arrested in England on a far less serious charge than is preferred against the French agitators.

A nice commentary on Empire Day celebrations was provided on the morrow by the Liberal Leader in the Canadian Senate. He refused to give his assent to the Navy Bill, and moved a Dissolution amendment, which was carried early yesterday morning by 51 votes to 27. What Mr. Borden will do in face of this check there is nothing to show, but the general belief is that he will not go to the country at the bidding of his opponents. Sir George Ross kindly tenders the advice that the Government should utilise the existing Naval Service Act, which we take it means that they should build the Dreadnoughts but have no power to hand them over to the Imperial authorities. Like Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir George Ross talks of his Imperialism, but is frankly anxious to have a separate Canadian navy.

Sir George Ross boasts of Canada's ability to administer a third of the territory of the British Empire, but his outlook is almost as narrow as that of a Little Peddlingtonian. Meantime what of Mr. Churchill's programme without the Canadian Dreadnoughts? With them his margin of safety was slender enough. If Mr. Borden does not see some way of helping him out of the difficulty, Mr. Churchill must at once lay down the ships which Canada cannot supply.

Lord Kitchener's Report is on the whole a cheery document, and has, we are told, been well received in Egypt by all classes. This we can well believe, if for no other reason than that the country is vastly relieved at having Lord Kitchener there at all. But, as with all autocrats who are doing good work, it is essential that he should continue at the helm for a good spell. At the present moment there can be no doubt that the Kitchener system is more popular with the natives than with the British officials.

Lord Kitchener is just the kind of ruler to fascinate the Oriental mind. Like Rhadamanthus, "castigatque auditque dolos", he lets the humblest peasant talk freely to him on his travels. Any opposition that may be excited among the people to our rule can only be worked up by an appeal to fanaticism. For this reason the defeat of the Turks has been distinctly advantageous to us, and the sense of the strong hand behind the scenes, too long lacking, helps forward good administration.

On the other hand, Lord Kitchener congratulates himself on some legislation, the success of which at present is, to say the least, highly problematical. There never was a better intentioned piece of law-making than the "Five Feddan" Law, but its immediate consequence has been to shake the existing fabric of credit. It is a mistake to destroy a working system, even a bad one, till you have another to substitute, and the Five Feddan Law destroys the peasant's mode of raising money. The Land Banks are not yet fully appreciated, and the peasants are trying to get cash by selling their stock. The prices they receive are ridiculous, for the market is glutted.

Mrs. Pankhurst being well enough on Monday to start for a suffragette meeting at the "Pavilion" was well enough to return to Holloway. Her appeal to the magistrate who committed her back to prison is unintelligible. Mrs. Pankhurst puts herself under a machine and finds fault with it for running over her. But Mrs. Pankhurst is hardly the suffragette star of the week. This distinction goes to the young woman who brought a frivolous action against her father for locking her up in an empty house. Her father had not locked her up. His offence was a gentle attempt to dissuade her from lawbreaking. The brother of this young woman, who also tried to dissuade her, was accused of "blasted impertinence". This, apparently, is the language of the Young Hot Bloods.

We know now why Mr. Churchill and his political friends go about in the Admiralty yacht "Enchantress". They are learning geography. Geography, Lord Curzon tells us, is a necessary science of true statesmen; and Lord Curzon speaks with the authority behind him of Lord Salisbury, who said that all statesmen ought to look at large maps. Mr. Churchill is diligent indeed. We have misjudged him who thought him out for his pleasure only. So, too, we have misjudged the politicians who rush through India in vacation; and Mr. Lloyd George, who likes to get away upon motor trips in the South of France.

Put in mind of this necessity for travel and the getting of geographical knowledge, Sir Edward Grey had to confess himself a "little abashed" that he was so far behind Mr. Churchill and his colleagues. He is, he tells us, "frequently reproached with the fact that he has travelled little, and does not play golf at all". Sir E. Grey can at any rate talk well about the art of travel—better than most who sedulously practise it.

Mr. Justice Bailhache this week described bookmakers and the betting public. He said: "The plaintiff's occupation is that of bookmaking. I will call it occupation rather than business, because it would be a slander on the word business to class a bookmaker's occupation as a business. It is an occupation which is legal. The law has not interfered with it to prevent it being carried on because presumably the bookmaker provides a public want and provides a market into which fools can go and lose money which they can ill afford and where they can do it with very little trouble to themselves and with great expedition". "A market into which fools can go and lose money"—it is an exact and deadly true description of the operation and the operators commonly known as "mugs".

There is no doubt the judge's way of treating the crass folly of amateur betting against professional bookmakers is right. The only way to draw off some of the poor creatures who think they can beat the bookmakers, and win money in the end, is to make them ashamed of themselves from the worldly standpoint. It is no use telling them that betting on horses is wicked—the only way is to persuade them it is ridiculous, that they must end by losing.

For example does not the "Daily News" hold that gambling over horses and horse-races is immoral? Has it not on that account stopped tips in its columns? And what is the result? Its nephew, or stepson, or adopted child, or at least its near relative, the "Star", twinkles bright as ever in the tipping line. If a man cannot even persuade his own not to bet on horses because it is wicked, what chance has he to persuade outsiders?

The same unreasonable Radical critics who have obstructed the appointment of additional Judges to the Law Courts have long hindered the strengthening of the Judicial Committee. But the Government has now got its considerably altered Appellate Jurisdiction Bill read a second time, the opposition having dwindled down to an almost negligible quantity, as it did in the other case

after the interim report of the Commission. Even the Labour party deserted the pragmatic Mr. Watt and the interminable Mr. Martin. It is hard on the Labour party to be described as "fraudulent" for voting for the two Judges necessary to make up the sort of improved Court the Dominions want to be the Appeal Court of the Empire. If that were all against the party, they might meet their enemies in the gate. The obstructionists know nothing of what they are talking. They might as well require the Board of Trade to be made efficient by the attendance of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is ex-officio a member, as propose that the Master of the Rolls and other Judges shall do duty on the Judicial Committee. It is sheer ignorance.

Mr. Justice Scrutton's decision in the Forbes' informer action against Sir Stuart Samuel is a reminder that "Thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just; but ten times he who gets his blow in fust". The two other informers issued their writ a day before Forbes for the very same alleged wrongful acts of voting. If the Judge had allowed Forbes to amend his claim, then he would have been beforehand with the others and they could not have recovered the penalties. Mr. Justice Scrutton thought he had the discretion to amend but would not exercise it where three informers were racing for penalties quite excessive as a reward for their public merits.

The long-awaited-for Report of the Committee that has been inquiring into the jury system is a very ineffective document when it comes at last. One of two things might have been recommended; either to improve civil juries off the face of the earth, or to improve the quality of the jurors personally. What is actually recommended would lower the quality of the jurors below its present standard, which is too low already.

This is no doubt the result of a compromise with the Labour section, who wished to abolish the Special Jury altogether, and so the chief distinction now between Common and Special jurymen is made a matter of rating. Two shillings a day payment for the Common jurymen is not sufficient if a jurymen is to be paid at all; and the guinea for the "Special" jurymen remains, which is too much for any difference between them. Nothing is recommended that decreases the harm the jury does in the civil courts, but much that will increase it.

Lord Justice Farwell has not served a day beyond the fifteen years entitling him to a pension. Ill-health has led him to resign, though he might very probably have hung on as other Judges have done more or less perfunctorily. Apart from this it would be a loss to the Bench that he should retire, as he still remained intellectually efficient for the purposes of the Court. In a sense he was the most distinguished occupant of the Courts in the Strand. None other of them is so distinctly associated with an historic judgment as Lord Justice Farwell, though it was as Mr. Justice Farwell that he gave the famous decision in the Taff Vale Railway case.

Mr. J. R. Atkin K.C. is the new Judge appointed to be an additional Judge of the King's Bench Division to comply with the interim report of the Royal Commission. Mr. Atkin is a man of fine legal mind, and he has had a rapid and lucrative, but not "popular" career. He has been well known, however, to those who convey briefs with big fees marked thereon to counsel in the Temple. He was twenty-four when he was called at Gray's Inn in 1867, and he has been a K.C. with a leading practice in the Commercial Court since 1906, and now becomes a Judge. He has been entirely lawyer, but he arranged satisfactorily a short time ago the difficulties between the Midland Railway Company and their employes about alleged dismissals and averted a big strike. He is likely to mount higher on the judicial ladder.

There is some not very well-informed talk in Unionist circles about Sir Edward Carson and Mr. F. E. Smith

holding briefs for the plaintiff in the Chesterton case. We do not say that from a party point of view it might not have been happier if such prominent Unionists were entirely free of the case; but as barristers their duty to the Bar comes before the consideration of party convenience. Holding briefs for the plaintiff does not, of course, associate Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Smith with the issues in the case. Counsel have nothing to do with merits. The layman seems to have difficulty in understanding this elementary point in the status of an advocate. How could these distinguished barristers refuse to appear for the leader of the Bar, for it comes to that? If they had refused on party grounds, they would rightly have been condemned by the whole Bar. There was no doubt a characteristic slimmess in the briefing of two eminent Unionists by the plaintiff.

A very considerable artist died in London last week, Joseph Crawhall, whose scrupulous editing of his own work has made it rare. Now that he is dead and the mould broken his value will steadily go up. Although he rarely exhibited he might easily have been purchased for the National Collection at "bottom prices". Purchased, of course, he will have to be, since he is one of the few permanently important painters of this time. But with ideas of business that would ruin any private concern our galleries make a practice of buying in the dearest market preferably to buying from the artist advantageously to him and to the public purse.

How many philosophers could draw a long queue of more or less smart women to hear them lecture? That is what Professor Bergson did on Wednesday and has done before. It is a great tribute to something in him; to his system of philosophy, no doubt. Philosophy cannot be easy hearing or easy reading, and few men or women take to it. Yet M. Bergson is immensely popular. He is the hero of a cult. We fear it must be said he is the mode. This coterie-worship of him is unfortunate. It is really hard on a great man, especially a great man of thought, that he should become fashionable. It puts him in something of a false position. It certainly is not M. Bergson's fault that people run after him. But it gives the cynic and the sceptic cause to blaspheme. However, these ladies were deeply impressed by his arguments, to judge from their demonstrative countenances. The "empressement" of an audience listening to a speaker in a foreign language is always remarkable.

However, it would be easy to understand M. Bergson being infinitely attractive even if one knew nothing of his philosophy. His charm as a speaker is very great. Also, to those who are averse from the materialist view of things, or the sheerly scientific view, it is almost enough that Professor Bergson is on the side of the angels. To some, whose faith in the spiritual is not so strong as their sense of its necessity, M. Bergson's philosophy is a solace. To them at any rate it makes belief easier. Intellectually, what is M. Bergson's real contribution to thought has yet to be seen. Meantime, unphilosophic but religious men and women will not profit by dabbling in Bergson's philosophy which it is impossible they can apprehend with no previous philosophic training. The position of religion as transcending the sphere of science is perfectly logical. "Religion has nothing to fear or to hope for from Science" says Sir E. Ray Lankester.

Lord Avebury made things popular. He wrote of ants, bees and wasps; and at once they became popular. He wrote of the Beauties of Nature and the Best Books; giving them an undoubted fillip in the principal hotels and libraries. He wrote for a vast public—and he covered a vast field—letters, finance, ethnology, entomology, geology, the pleasures of life, trade, politics. No man could be at the same time deeply read and so widely read as Lord Avebury. His subject was general knowledge, and here he undoubtedly beat the majority of his contemporaries.

MINISTERIAL DRY-ROT.

BY their ample increase in the majority at Altrincham, following on Newmarket, the Unionist party have piled Pelion on Ossa, and are now clearly strong enough to storm the Government fortress whenever the situation forces the issue. The events of the last week have brought into high relief some of the tendencies in politics which still remained somewhat in the shadow to all except expert eyes a month ago. In fact, the reasons which have produced in the Ministerial ranks the dry-rot which threatens to lead to dissolution are now plain for everyone to read. So plain, indeed, are they, that, in spite of the strict and admirable discipline usually maintained by Downing Street over our Liberal contemporaries, from nearly the whole Ministerialist Press "goes up the wail of impotent despair". A fortnight ago both the "Daily Chronicle" and the "Daily News" were cursing Mr. John Burns first for attempting to lose Newmarket over the Unionist Housing Bill, and second for his pre-eminent success in doing so. This week the "Daily Chronicle" and the "Westminster Gazette" have issued a further version of their view of Ministerial incompetence. "Another day of unutterable dullness—inside the House", remarks the former, "... but there were other matters outside the House which are of real interest and importance, and these were discussed in the Lobby." So much for the glorious effects of the Parliament Act. Anything of importance must be discussed in the Lobby! The topics of this extra-parliamentary conversation are summarised with great accuracy. "How can the Government force the Home Rule Bill through under the Parliament Act in the face of adverse by-elections and the certainty of rebellion in Ulster? And where is the great social reform policy upon which we are to go to the country in 1915? Patience, gentlemen." Unfortunately for the learned scribe, the Liberal party are showing anything but patience under the accumulated disasters of the last month, for all of which their own leaders are intimately responsible. The "Westminster Gazette" of 28 May is simply brutal on the whole subject. "The Liberal member has nothing definite to say about social reform, as far as the Government's programme is concerned. He can only talk vaguely about housing reform, for there is no official scheme, and he cannot pledge his party to any definite programme of land reform. He cannot say that the Government intends to take up the question of a minimum wage for farm labourers, and he knows nothing about the Government's actual intentions as regards the Poor Law, which the Tory member pledges his party to reform. . . . The vagueness of the Government's programme on the vital questions that interest the electorate is regarded, in some quarters at all events, as the cause of the adverse swing at the by-elections. . . . A spirited advance into the enemy's country would be welcomed." The whole article is, however, so rich in material that mere excerpts from it are insufficient. It should be reproduced by the whole Unionist Press throughout the country, and we trust that headquarters will see that this is done. The main point of the admission contained in these quotations is perfectly clear. The Radical policy of social reform, of which the Insurance Act has been the most typical instance, particularly in the method of its application, has been a failure; and the rare and refreshing fruit, once masticated, the electorate apparently find juiceless and bitter, fit, in fact, for the condemnation of the sanitary inspector. The country, however, is still as passionately intent on social reform as it ever was, and will remain intent for the simple reason that many of the evils in the body politic are too grave to be ignored even though an erroneous and mischievous policy has been directed towards their cure. While the Radicals have been talking about the wicked dukes and the People's Budget and the People's Insurance Act, two interdependent sets of events have been developing side by side. The real evils of our social life have been going on accumulating in default of treat-

ment; the Unionist party has by two years of steady, quiet and enthusiastic work at last produced a social policy which commands the assent of the masses and the consent of the classes precisely because it is based not on conceptions of class distinction but on the idea of the general interests of the State. Well may the "Westminster Gazette" exclaim that "to judge from what Liberal members are saying, it must be said that at present electioneering is exceptionally difficult for Liberals".

The truth of the matter is that the Unionist policy on Tariff and Social Reform holds the field as the only possible method by which the existing defects of society can be remedied without the class war leading towards revolution. The nation is thoroughly tired of the Lloyd-George treatment simply because that treatment while annoying the more prosperous elements in the community has as a direct consequence reacted unfavourably on the very classes it was supposed to benefit. On this point the effect of the People's Budget in depriving the agricultural labourer of sixty thousand cottages in a single year has been conclusive, and the inevitable reaction has set in.

The duty of the Unionist party is therefore clear. It is to take up and to follow up the work of Mr. F. E. Smith's Committee, which has by a temperate, consistent and sustained policy not only secured in advance the sphere of social reform for the Unionist party but has carried the great bulk of the party with it in the course of its advance. In housing, rural or urban, Unionism holds the field; in Poor Law the only practicable scheme put forward has been devised by the Unionist members; on agricultural wages and on the rural problem in general the Unionist party alone has put forward concrete proposals. The Mental Deficiency Bill has been put into its present shape by the advice and the assistance of the Opposition in the teeth of persistent obstruction by Radicals, like Mr. Handel Booth and Mr. Wedgwood, whose only title to fame is that they can be always trusted to obstruct every measure which makes for the betterment of the condition of the people. The Unionist party is indeed fortunate; it possesses only one of this sort, Sir Frederick Banbury, whereas the Coalition can number in its ranks at least half a dozen prospective Handel Booths. From every point of view then the prospect is clear. It only remains for the Front Bench to take up whole-heartedly the social policy which has been put before them with such striking success by the Unionist Social Reformers, and to maintain and preach to the electorate their own declarations on Ulster, Welsh Disestablishment, and Tariff Reform. In this, as in most other matters, our greatest debt is due to the generosity of the Liberal Press. The "Westminster Gazette" is much upset by the suggestion made in the forthcoming "Fortnightly" that the great campaign on the industrial tariff will be launched in the autumn, while the "Manchester Guardian" arranged that the Altrincham election should be fought on the question of the lawfulness of resistance in Ulster. The "Manchester Guardian" and its friends have had their answer, an answer which means, taken in conjunction with Mr. Bonar Law's last speech, that Ministers can dissolve before civil war and be beaten, or can dissolve after it and be destroyed. There is not much doubt that they will prefer the former alternative, and the party would do well to prepare for a General Election certainly within the course of the next twelve months. The only answer put forward by the Cabinet in the face of these successive and disastrous by-elections is that the whole matter can be explained by the unpopularity of the Insurance Act. How they imagine such an explanation is to help them at the polls when the day of trial comes passes the wit of man to conceive. The Act has now been working for a year, its main principles have never been attacked by the Opposition by the methods employed in the Chinese labour controversy in the past, or by the methods threatened in the National Service controversy in the future, and yet that Act grows increasingly unpopular as its injustices are more widely

appreciated. The Prime Minister promises an amending Act on the eve of a by-election, and the answer given him is an increase of a thousand in the Unionist majority. Mr. Lloyd-George, speaking in the secure recesses of Wales and in a language into which the word Marconi cannot be translated, eulogises the Act his chief is so ready to amend in terms which would not be inadequate if the Sermon on the Mount were put into a Bill. But this stiff-necked generation will not listen, and continues to return vast majorities in favour of Church and State, of the unity of the Kingdom, the maintenance of the Empire and of Tory Social Reform. Ministers can take their congé when they like, and the longer they wait the longer their period of opposition will be.

THE OLIVE BRANCH—NEW STYLE.

IN a farce Sir Edward Grey's intimation to the delegates to let the Powers end their war or leave London might have been funny. In fact it was rude. Worse, it was the hectoring way to conceal weakness. Who are these Powers? They are the people who eight months ago solemnly declared that no territorial changes would be permitted after the war. They are the people who have since been demanding the immediate signature of a treaty depriving Turkey of all but a shred of her European possessions, and their spokesman obviously believed that a brave tone would carry off the change of front. His calculation is not altogether wrong, since the amiable and naïf person who writes leaders for the "Westminster Gazette" classes his language among "the friendliest and most serviceable acts." But the less innocent among us are bound to inquire further. Why should Sir Edward Grey be permitted to make himself offensive? Why were the Powers so desperately eager to get their words of eight months ago eaten at once? And, if they were so eager, why did they not back their words by something more solid than a childish threat? As if treaties could only be signed in S. James' Palace!

The fact is that the Powers were in a very awkward position. There is immediate danger of a war between the Allies, and if war comes, the last state of Macedonia will be worse than the first. For whichever side wins will seek to appropriate all the territory taken from Turkey; that is to say either Bulgaria would claim to rule over Serbs or, in the unlikely event of victory going the other way, Servia would claim to rule over Bulgars. In neither case would there be the least chance of a settlement. There are only two ways of pacifying the Balkan peoples. Either they must pass under the control of a strong Power akin to none of them, such as Turkey once was and Austria is, or they must be left to govern themselves. The impossible thing is that they should try to govern one another, but it is just this impossible thing that would be tried if they were now to fight their quarrel out. In view of this position the attitude of the Powers becomes more inexplicable than ever. Granting, as we must grant, that under present conditions a settlement must be made on racial lines, it is the Powers' business to trace these lines. The work is not really so difficult. It is true that there are Greeks wherever there are towns, but Greece has quite definitely abandoned her old exorbitant claims to territory east of Salonica. It is true that there are districts where Serb and Bulgar are mixed together, but the limits of these districts are readily defined and do not cover much of the territory actually in dispute. The population of this territory is overwhelmingly Bulgar, and there is no getting away from the fact that if it is not to be ruled from Sofia, it can only be ruled from Vienna. Why then did not the Powers draw a rough frontier line and tell the Serbs—for it is they who are at the bottom of the trouble—that they must accept it? Why, instead, did they devote much time and more heat to the signature of a peace treaty with Turkey? It looks as if the diplomatists had been mesmerised by their own formulæ. On paper there was war between the Allies and

Turkey though not a shot had been fired for weeks, and not another shot would have been fired, if peace had not been declared for months more. On paper the Allies were leagued against a common enemy, but really they are fighting with one another. The Powers were busy with plans to end the paper war and were doing nothing to check the real danger.

While the Powers have behaved weakly and short-sightedly, two excuses can be made for their attitude. The first is that peace with Turkey would do something to stop the victors' quarrel. It would free the Bulgarian troops at Chatalja. Bulgaria must keep something of an army there until peace was signed, and the transference of say 50,000 seasoned troops to the western frontier would make her possible aggressors think twice. More especially would it make M. Venezelos think twice. It must be clear to him that if Greece is foolish enough to try conclusions with the relatively great military power of Bulgaria she will lose Salonica. As it is, a little bargaining will secure her the town. Bulgaria claims Salonica, but it is a claim for show only. She has let the Greeks occupy the town for months and has not seriously disputed possession. Once the troops at Chatalja were free, a wise Greece would make the best terms she could. Secondly, none of the Balkan States can afford to stand ill with Europe. If they fight, Europe will be appealed to by the weaker party. If they do not fight, the Serb-Bulgar treaty reserves points for Russia's arbitration, while Greece looks to the Powers to help her recover Ægean Islands from Italy. Thus neither Serbia nor Greece can risk the loss of that moral support with which Sir Edward Grey made such play on Tuesday, and for this reason it was rightly assumed that his display of temper would have effect.

But there is a stronger reason that faced the Powers in their very undignified course. It is that no alternative was open to them. Direct action means the delimitation of frontier lines backed by an ultimatum. The direction of the frontier can be forecast. Though the Powers' Serbo-Greek line might go against Bulgaria, the Powers' Serbo-Bulgar line would certainly go in her favour. Her treaty with Serbia affords a model which must be followed. It divides Macedonia on a racial basis and there is no other basis possible. Bulgaria, then, is safe. At the Powers' behest she would make a separate peace with Turkey, thus breaking her agreement with Serbia, but at the same time she would receive from the Powers a guarantee of practically all the territory which that agreement secures her. The ultimatum would thus imply the coercion of Serbia, and here geography intervened. The map proclaims that only one Power can coerce Serbia, and that Power is Austria. Once however the Austrian armies were across the Danube it would be no easy matter to get them back again. Austria governs millions of Serbs, and though Budapest has failed to keep Croatia quiet, Vienna has done magnificent work in Bosnia. Was it likely that Vienna would be satisfied with a temporary expedition into territory whose permanent occupation would solve some very perplexing problems, and was it possible for Russia to tolerate such a solution? These are questions which the Powers are resolved to shirk. They concentrated on the Turkish peace because they must do something and could not agree on any other line of policy.

In spite of peace being signed, the situation is discreditable. The root of the matter lies in the refusal of the Powers to shoulder their proper share of responsibility. There are two reasons for the Serbo-Greek demands against Bulgaria. The first is that Bulgaria's great sacrifices have borne rich fruit and that she now finds herself in sure possession of Thracian territory which her Allies thought safe for Turkey. The second is that both Greece and Serbia have been baulked in the west. With Scutari fresh in our minds it may seem that the new Albania has been made at Montenegro's expense. It is not so; Serbia and Greece are the States which must humble themselves that Albania may exist. The Powers have prevented them from getting what they hoped for on the one side, while they have helped Bulgaria to get all she demanded on the other. That,

far more than the sweeping nature of their successes, is the cause of the present discord among the Allies. If there is war between them now, the Powers will have made it. What a commentary on Sir Edward Grey's lead to Europe! All these months the Ambassadors have been meeting in conference in London, and to what end? That Greek and Serb and Bulgar may fly at one another's throats in Macedonia in order that the Powers may say that all their interests have been safeguarded and the peace among them preserved. It is time some effort were made to avoid that great hypocrisy. The first need is that the situation should be faced. Peace with Turkey may help or the time lost in contriving it would be fatal. It matters little either way, for peace with Turkey is not the real thing. The real thing is that the Powers have set the Allies a problem which at present they do not seem likely to solve without fighting. Surely it is fair to say that Europe has a moral duty in this matter—a real debt of honour which will not brook delay. Any right-thinking man must feel disgust at the chance that the Allies may be fighting one another in a quarrel that Europe has made, while Europe stands by and looks smug; and any right-thinking Englishman must feel shame at the thought that a policy leading to such an issue should have been accepted, and, if report be true, largely shaped, by the British Foreign Secretary.

THE CRISIS IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

PATRIOTIC Frenchmen have sunk their political differences and have resolved to support any Government that will pledge itself to the re-establishment of the three years' military service as necessary for national security. Many members of the Radical and Radical-Socialist parties have realised the imperative necessity for common action, and even M. Clemenceau himself, who so bitterly opposed M. Poincaré's election and engineered the fall of his most powerful Prime Minister, has seen the gravity of the crisis and has agreed to come to an understanding with the man against whom he openly vowed vengeance a few weeks since. Still France is unfortunately far from being absolutely unanimous. The General Confederation of Labour, the anti-militarists of every hue and colour, Socialists and anarchists have long waged war against the army, and have done their best to weaken all sense of discipline in the barrack-room and on the parade-ground. They have now entered into a life-and-death struggle with the military authorities, and have unfortunately found ready allies in some of those ex-Ministers whose chief ambition it is to return to office and who are ready to promote a Ministerial crisis in the hope that their individual claims may secure recognition in the general scrimmage. Some of these Radicals are even ready to enter into an understanding with the Socialist party and unite their forces against the common enemy. There was conclusive evidence of this in last Friday's debate, when even M. Deschanel censured the Minister of the Interior for having accused his opponents of want of patriotism. The situation is a serious one and requires the most attentive examination. The General Confederation of Labour has now been at work for more than ten years, and has done its best to provoke insubordination in the French Army. Yvetot's "Nouveau Manuel du Soldat" openly preaches the most subversive doctrines. "Every infamy, every act of cruelty, every corrupt enterprise, every lying programme has had as its motto the one word 'Fatherland'. So long as this idiotic religion of the Fatherland imposes upon us—that is to say, so long as we fail to see through the game of its priesthood—so long must we remain slaves." It then proceeds to inculcate its policy: "Desert, if you believe yourselves unable to support the vexations, the insults, the shame that await you in barracks. Desert! and you will be better off than you can ever be as a source of amusement to alcoholic bullies, those madmen who control you in these military

prisons. Desert! Your trades unions, your corporations, your 'Bourses du Travail' will do all they can to secure you moral and pecuniary support. With their help you will be received abroad with brotherly love, and thus learn that there is a fatherland everywhere in those countries where men struggle, think, suffer, work, hope, and rebel against social injustice". The author concludes with these words: "They want to turn you into killing machines. Rebel! and then let those men tremble who are arming you against your brethren, for your only real enemies are those who exploit, oppress, command, and deceive you. If they wish you really to be murderers with arms in your hands, beware at least of being fratricides". Strange to say, this infamous policy has been indirectly subsidised by the State, for this pamphlet has been published and circulated broadcast by the Federation of those "Bourses du Travail", who receive over £20,000 a year from the public funds on the express condition that they shall devote themselves exclusively to the economic, industrial, and agricultural development of the working classes. M. Combes was as Prime Minister largely responsible for this, for he refused to force the Federation to observe strictly the law of 1884, and subsequent Ministries have shown the most culpable weakness in dealing with this agitation from its start. In this way a movement which might have been suppressed with the greatest ease at its start has gathered every year in strength and influence, so much so that no one has attacked the Confederation of Labour with impunity. M. Briand overcame the strike of railway employees which it had organised, and succeeded in doing so with the help of French public opinion; but the Confederation determined to be revenged upon him for his triumph. Political gratitude is of short duration, and M. Briand had excited the jealousy of those men who resented his pre-eminence, and with the help of the Confederation he was driven from office. This weakness of the French Radical party has had its natural result—the steady growth of insubordination in the French Army, which has found its outlet now that the Three Years' Service Bill is before Parliament. This proposal has been supported by the whole enlightened public opinion of France as a measure of absolute necessity, and has even aroused considerable enthusiasm amongst those men who are forced by its provisions to remain another year with the colours. Still, there is some measure of opposition, not only amongst Socialists and anarchists, but from those who prefer their own selfish convenience to patriotism and national independence. This feeling has been exploited by the General Confederation of Labour, who have promoted partial outbreaks at Macon and in such critical frontier towns as Toul and Belfort, where all selfish interests ought to give way to the imperative requirements of military discipline. At Rodey matters have gone further still, for there open rebellion has been substituted for the agitation against the bill. A school teacher and members of the General Confederation of Labour were the prime organisers of revolt. The men followed their band in a procession which was to march past the Officers' Club to the strains of the "International", with the object of uniting with another regiment quartered sixty miles off at Albi, and raising the standard of insurrection—a conspiracy which was only averted by the courage of a major and of the non-commissioned officers.

The situation is a serious one, and the Government's duty is perfectly clear. There must be no paltering with treason of this character. The issue is one of national importance. French Socialists are playing a losing game. They might have had some excuse as long as they could argue that their German comrades were with them and would fire upon their officers rather than shed the blood of their French friends. Antimilitarism played a very considerable part in the German General Election of 1907, and with fatal results for the party, who returned to Parliament shorn of nearly half their seats. This experience has not been lost to them, and they have now expressed their inten-

tion of marching with their bourgeois fellow-citizens against the national foe. A German invasion must therefore mean to French Socialists the triumph of an organisation that will allow no mutiny and no insubordination, and the sooner they realise this the better for them and for France. The duty of the Government is therefore perfectly clear. All those who by word or by deed in any way participate in any act of insubordination must be severely punished, whilst the General Confederation of Labour should be dissolved. The Government has already profited by its firmness. There was no attempt last Sunday to hold the processions that had been forbidden at Père Lachaise; whilst the demonstration at Pré S. Gervais was a dismal failure.

THE McCULLOCH SALE.

AN interest of sentiment and history accompanied the recent Balkan war: people felt that they were in at a unique event, that Fate had been indulgent in selecting their lifetime for the passing of the once omnipotent and dreaded Turk. Those who endured the stuffy hours at Christie's last week and this, watching the dispersal of the McCulloch Collection, may have experienced on a lower plane the same kind of interest.

Well-meaning rubbish has been written in certain papers by people, who may be quite disinterested, about the marvellous flair with which the Australian millionaire accumulated his miscellaneous collection of popular art, spotted here and there by instances of better things; but a glance at the collection explodes this pious myth, for a flair that leads a man to embrace Whistler, Herbert Draper, the Maris Brothers, Roybet, Tadmé, Rodin and the lower level of Burlington House pictures, must be very faint and vacillating.

But the sale has a wider interest than the exposure of a private collector's taste. And whatever we may say about the mistakes Mr. McCulloch made in the working out of his scheme, we cannot forget that his scheme was in itself creditable—the patronage of living artists. The significance of the sale is that a definite point has been reached, a decisive hour struck in the decline of Late Victorian academism. Everyone foresaw this hour; indeed its coming has been as clearly perceived as the ultimate collapse of Turkish power. But the hour strikes sharply, the débâcle is abrupt. The plight of the stricken Academy is clear, and from many points of view significant. For one thing the general level of intelligence and taste is seen to be higher. Without exception the pictures that only just held their own or dropped downright were poor. The dealers consciously or unconsciously have followed the upward curve of taste. Pictures that were "the thing to buy" twenty years ago are now unsafe. The whole fabric of the Late Victorian Academy is recognised as condemned; from Leighton down to the ordinary members, all are made over to the knackers to be demolished. Leighton's "Daphnephoria", which is said to have cost Mr. McCulloch 3750 guineas in the early 'nineties, went for 1250 guineas less; his "Hesperides" remained exactly where it was twenty years ago. When we remember the almost divine atmosphere in which Leighton was seen and his supreme influence on the Academy, this is proof that what was considered great art by the cultured taste of the 'nineties is now outgrown. Nor can we question the justice of this change of estimate; the Leightons and their kind are rigidly determined by their period, they are like obsolete music and philosophy—lifeless to the younger generation. On the other hand the Jakob Maris, which in the same period of twenty years has advanced about £6000, keeps its life and value. Millais' fine period and Orchardson's best work also live, and Burne-Jones though surely declining yet retains some interest.

How soon, we wonder, will the lessons of this sale filter down to the general public? Or perhaps a better form of the question is, How soon will the present

suburban or provincial taste rise to the level now reached by the London market? We note that the Ipswich Art Gallery was conspicuous in buying "A Glass with Borgia", though it apparently missed "The Viking's Funeral". In certain provincial places Mr. Collier, Peter Graham, Abbey, and Mr. Dicksee still represent great art: at Bath, Ottawa and Cardiff, we believe, things are more advanced. But since bad taste, as we call it, is necessarily the general public taste, we should not be too hard on the provincial galleries; so long as the responsibility for the formation of provincial collections rests with corporation committees, we cannot, and should not, expect them to do otherwise than buy according to their own taste and that of their public. But under the teachings of the sale-room they may come to see that this kind of buying is a short-sighted policy and a very bad bargain. It is all very well to arrange for exhibitions of what is popular and passing; a permanent collection is another matter. For a permanent collection it is safer to buy work that has stood some test of time, and to put the buying in the hands of a qualified and trained director. It is for the McCullochs, the wealthy private individuals, to adventure among contemporaries, not for corporations, except when decorative work in sculpture or mural painting is required for public places. From the experimental collections made by the individual galleries will probably obtain, in the end, what they need by gift or bequest, and they do not, it should be remembered, need a vast quantity of the work of any one period; they are going on for ever. There will be many McCullochs, we hope, in the future; but perhaps, under the warning of the recent sale, they will act with a little more real independence, and be less disastrously influenced by our unhappy Academy and the dealers associated with it.

NEW MODELS FOR DANCERS.

ONE does not look for much brains in dancing boys or dancing girls, any more than in dancing dolls. There is nothing surprising in their accepting the negroid importations from America with enthusiasm. It is a new toy: a "fine lark", as precisely the same quality of mind at the opposite end of Society would say. To ask them to be critical of the new hops and trots as æsthetic art is irrelevant. In the hands, or the feet, of a professional dancing no doubt is a fine art; but the amateur—well one does not look for art from Philistines. They want excitement, and the new dances offering new and more lively sensations, they greedily take to them. Just what a child left to itself always does. Of the origin of these dances or where they come from most dancers are no doubt gloriously unconscious. Some may be too respectable to know, more are too ignorant; others prefer not to ask. But it is rather the chaperons who prefer not to ask. The various "trots" are drawing the men well. It would be a pity to spoil sport. But one cannot help being impatient at the silly hypocrisy which pretends to be in doubt about the meaning of these nigger movements. (We are quite willing on Sir Sydney Olivier's authority to "concede" the "Boston" as not negroid. We be not dancing masters.) They are all sex dances, as everybody knows who will know. Obviously they can be so danced as to refine away the essence of the dance; when it becomes pointless as well as ugly. So far as we can make out, the defence of these Yankee novelties is that youth will be youth; boys and girls must have more boisterous amusement than they have been able to get from the waltz. Obviously then if you refine away this romp element, there is nothing left that is worth having. It is precisely the indignity of the dance that appeals to the young blood. Sometimes, too, it appeals to old blood, to judge from a letter in the "Times" signed "Senex." This frolicsome elder finds himself rejuvenated as he watches his daughters, whom he is showing in the ballrooms, trotting round with the boys, who remind him of his golden

youth. It is a pity he does not entertain the assembly by turkey-trotting himself. He would be a truly delightful spectacle. Well, if an old man can be fool enough to like these things, one cannot be surprised if young fools do the same. One must give up asking for dignity and grace: that has gone with the House of Lords. When there was a House of Lords and there was an aristocracy, we had grand manners, whatever may have been our morals. Whether morals are better or worse is difficult to say, but our manners are undoubtedly worse, so far as we have any manners now.

But we do complain of our golden youth that, if they must have more sensation in their dancing, they go to the dark places of America for it. The dancing mind is not inventive, we can well believe, but almost at their gates they can find better models. A single visit to the Zoo will show them many more excellent ways. Consider the apes. Why not an Ape's Antic instead of a turkey-trot? Let the boys and girls practise the movements of the orang, the chimpanzee, or, best of all, the agile gibbon, and they would provide plenty of sensation for the onlookers and more exercise than they want for themselves. Boy facing girl, each on all fours on the floor; each turns back on the other and scales the wall opposite; then they approach depending on all fours from the ceiling, and face each other just as they started from the floor. The figure could be multiplied indefinitely. Half-a-dozen boys and half-a-dozen girls on all fours on the ground, heads convergent in the centre of the circle, could go through the same evolution, meeting on the ceiling. Only a little scaffolding would be needed for them to hang from. Hostesses would be delighted to provide that for such a show.

Or a Monkey Tug. Why not a monkey tug? Everybody must have watched with delight one monkey seize the tail of another, and a third seize his, and a fourth his, and so on until you have a long chain of monkeys, every one hauling at the tail of the one in front. Another variety of the tug is when several monkeys together hold on to the tail of the first and pull. There is generally much yelling. The tails of the men's evening coats would serve as the monkeys' tails perfectly well, and the effect would be wondrously similar. The spectacle would be most diverting. There would be vast amusement and much noise; just what is wanted now.

And there might be a Midges' Maze. Midges obviously dance, the salient movement being a vertical leap, the midge going up and coming down apparently in an absolutely perpendicular line. A squad of boys and girls doing this would have an extremely inane ridiculous effect, and it would be very vigorous exercise. Also it would make a considerable row. The flapping of the garments would add to the absurdity of the effect. There are some birds, we believe, which indulge (the cock-birds at any rate) in a very similar antic in the breeding season, flapping their wings (in their finest nuptial plumage) as they jump. This could be imitated very successfully by dancing youths; the girls playing the part of the admiring hens.

And why not a Fleas' Frolic? Nothing can exceed the agility of a flea. A musical arrangement of leaps could easily be devised. One dancer could leap into the arms of another or on another's back. And if it were wanted to be realistic, one could give the other a little bite, scarcely harder than a kiss. It would be a most popular dance.

If only our devotees of the negroid dances would condescend to learn from the "bugs" and apes! They should not find it difficult.

THE CITY.

THE London portion of the Chinese loan, we are led to believe, was subscribed to the extent of £60,000,000. Suppose as much as one half of that represented applications by "stags". There would then be something like £25,000,000 of investment

money, which, failing to find a home in the Chinese loan, is looking for a resting-place elsewhere. It is very certain that the money has not come to the Stock Exchange; the markets have been miserably depressed; nor has it gone into other new issues, judging by the results. In the case of the City of Victoria loan, the Chilian Northern Railway, the Brazilian Traction Light and Power and the Royal Mail Steam Packet issues, between 70 and 85 per cent. of the totals has been left to the underwriters.

The hope that the alleged success of the Chinese loan would be beneficial to the markets has therefore been wholly unfulfilled. As a matter of fact the Stock Exchange has been more despondent this week than at any time since the beginning of the Balkan war. The precise cause of this despondency is not clear; but it is obvious that there is an uneasy feeling in the "House". Influential members are counselling caution as if there were some hidden danger ahead, and it is not surprising in the circumstances that vague rumours of "trouble" in the vicinity of the Stock Exchange are in circulation. The probability is that the rumours are merely the outcome of the unhealthy condition of the investment and speculative markets. A couple of days' good business would disperse the clouds and a change of sentiment may come at any moment, although there is not much chance at present of pronounced increase of business. The sudden demand for gold on German account has dissipated the hopes of an immediate reduction in the Bank rate.

Labour unrest in the shipbuilding trade and talk of new capital requirements by some of the passenger lines in this country have deprived the Home Railway market of support, while traffic returns provided no encouragement, as they compared with Whitsun week last year. Heavy selling of Canadian Pacifics had carried the quotation down to a level which would appear very attractive if business were a little more active. The weakness was accentuated by the fact, that the revenue statement for April showed a decrease of \$170,000 in net receipts. Increased expenses have thus caused a break in the long succession of monthly increases in net earnings. For the ten months to date the aggregate gain in net revenue, however, amounts to \$3,343,000. The Grand Trunk Company's statement for last month was also disappointing, a net increase of £7050 being only one-half of what had been expected.

In Wall Street the appointment of a receiver for the S. Louis and San Francisco line has had a very disturbing effect. It is feared that a new "era of receiverships" for the weaker railroad companies has commenced, and, as the S. Louis and San Francisco bonds are largely held on the Continent, the company's misfortunes are likely to undermine the confidence of French and Dutch investors in American railroad securities. It is probably fortunate that the New York Stock Exchange was closed for the last two days of the week. The Minnesota Rate Case decision has been so long postponed that when it does come it can hardly have much effect on the market, even if the result is favourable to the railroads, and no revival can be anticipated in any circumstances until the Harriman "dismerger" is satisfactorily arranged.

Among foreign railway securities continued selling of Brazil Common has had a disquieting influence. Mexican stocks have benefited from reassuring statements regarding the political situation, which are the precursor of negotiations for issuing a big external loan when conditions permit.

As regards mining shares, support from Paris stemmed the decline in Rio Tintos and there has been some demand for De Beers and Premier Diamonds. Kaffir shares have been sympathetically affected to some extent by the weakness of Rhodesians. Chartered have followed the course suggested a week ago by close observers of the market, and Falcons suffered a sharp decline on a very unsatisfactory cablegram from the property.

A feature of the markets has been the active selling

of Marconis. Shareholders appear at last to have realised that the financial position of the group is by no means satisfactory, and it is quite probable that a further sharp decline will occur before adequate support is forthcoming. In the Oil Share market the decline in Shells seems somewhat mysterious. Everybody is expecting a final dividend of 25 per cent., making 35 per cent. for 1912, as compared with 20 per cent. for 1911. This expectation is strengthened by the declaration of 40 per cent. by the Royal Dutch Petroleum Company, against 19 per cent. for 1911. Yet Shells have been on offer. Perhaps they are preparing for a spurt when, or just before, the dividend is announced; or perhaps some shareholders are preparing for a substantial issue of new shares!

INSURANCE.

THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND.

SEVERAL important life offices conclude their valuation periods this year, and among them is the Scottish Widows' Fund Life Assurance Society, which is still regarded as the premier home institution of its class, being the only high-class ordinary office that has so far amassed over £20,000,000 in the way of funds, although a few of its competitors raise an almost equally large premium income. Just at the moment the Society, which was established in 1815 and recently held its ninety-ninth annual general meeting, is attracting more than usual attention, because the next division of profits will take place as at 31 December next, and all policies issued this year will share in the distribution. What bonuses will be declared for the quinquennial term will not be known until the hundredth meeting is held in April next; but present indications point to a most satisfactory announcement. A good deal may depend upon the volume of new premiums secured this year, but it is manifest that during the first four years of the term the Society was exceptionally prosperous, as its new business greatly increased and a higher rate of interest was earned on the accumulated funds. Moreover, these favourable conditions were accompanied by a low rate of mortality, which must have led to most important profits, and it seems improbable that the depreciation in the value of Stock Exchange securities and real property will call for any considerable amount, inasmuch as the certificate given by the Directors showed that on 31 December last the aggregate value of the assets exceeded their balance-sheet valuation.

It seems possible, indeed, to believe that the Scottish Widows' Society has escaped most of the troubles which during the last few years have been experienced by so many of our older institutions, compelling directors more or less to disappoint their shareholders and policy-holders. When the last investigation was made as at the end of 1908 the combined assurance and annuity funds stood at £18,797,075, and £400,000 was held as a reserve fund. It was then understood that the assets possessed a considerable latent value, and subsequent investments appear to have been mostly made in securities which have remained unaffected by the depression so generally felt here. In the four years 1909-12 inclusive the Society added largely to its accumulation, for the total on 31 December last was £21,437,988, or just £2,240,913 more than was in hand at the close of 1908. Wisely, however, this money was not invested in home securities, which even in the early part of 1909 were threatened with disaster. A comparison of the balance sheets at the two dates in question shows that during the four years the mortgages on property within the United Kingdom were reduced from £3,923,335 to £3,574,540, while those on property out of the United Kingdom were increased from £969,419 to £1,724,566. Loans on parochial and other public rates have also been disfavoured by the directors, and most attention appears to have been given to Indian, Colonial, and foreign Government and municipal securities, United States railway gold bonds and obligations, and rent-charges.

In view of the investment policy which has been pursued since the last division of profits, the immediate outlook for the members is obviously good. If nothing, or only a small amount, has to be written off for depreciation a huge surplus is already assured. Thus far throughout the quinquennium everything has gone well with the Society. Compared with the new business transacted during the first four years of the 1902-7 septennium, the results recently obtained have proved most encouraging, the net amount assured having been £2,082,794 in 1909, £2,373,470 in 1910, £2,402,972 in 1911, and £2,503,950 last year. These largely increased aggregates testify to the growing popularity of the institution. This might not be the case had the expense ratio risen to any appreciable extent. By spending large sums additional new assurances can generally be effected, but the accounts show that a larger proportion of the loading for expenses must have been saved—allowance being of course made for the extra cost of new compared with renewal business. Throughout the four septenniums ended 1908 the ratio of actual expenses to premiums was about 10.25 per cent., and since then the actuarial calculations have disclosed the following rates: £11 2s. 10d. per cent. in 1909, when valuation charges were included; £10 7s. 4d. per cent. in 1910; £10 9s. 9d. per cent. in 1911, and £10 10s. 4d. per cent. in 1912. Only a fractional rise in the general expense ratio has therefore occurred, and it is evident that the extra new business was obtained at a reduced cost.

Favourable mortality and interest earned in excess of the rate assumed for valuation purposes are, however, the main sources whence surplus is derived. When these have yielded abundantly, liberal bonuses may naturally be expected. It may be as well to ascertain how the Scottish Widows' has fared so far. These are its percentages of actual mortality claims compared with the amount provided for by the tables of mortality employed: 86 per cent. in 1909, 68 per cent. in 1910, 73.6 per cent. in 1911, and 74.4 per cent. last year. Most substantial profits must consequently have resulted from suspended mortality, and it is even more certain that the profit from excess interest has enlarged. Throughout the 1902-8 septennium the average rate of interest earned before deduction of income tax fluctuated between £3 17s. 11d. per cent. and £4 1s. 5d. per cent., whereas the yearly accounts issued subsequent to 1908 have shown the following rates: £4 1s. 9d., £4 2s. 4d., £4 2s. 10d., and £4 3s. 6d. in succession. In all vital respects, therefore, the operations of the four years were clearly most successful, and the members have only to face the risks of the current period, which is known to have started most favourably.

"ARIADNE IN NAXOS."

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

NOT many readers, I imagine, have been privileged to attend the dress rehearsal of a new play or opera. Concerning plays I can say little, but about opera I can give, for the first time in history I believe, an accurate description of what takes place. Nothing else in the world is half so wonderful—that is why I speak of it being a "privilege" to attend these functions. First the guests begin to arrive, the greenhorns early, the knowing birds later, much later. Then the instrumentalists drift in and start to fiddle and tinkle and play snatches of their favourite tunes on their respective weapons, producing a cacophony quite surprising to the inexperienced. I am informed that futurist music is very like it. Presently a noise as of moving furniture is heard from behind the curtain—the scenic-artists have arrived to paint the scenery. After the lapse of an hour or so there are more noises—the scene-shifters have begun to set the first scene. The conductor takes his place, raises his baton—ah! they are about to make a start. Not a bit of it! He lays it down again; stands up facing the auditorium with folded arms and a gloomy air; ever and anon a sad, wan smile flickers over his features as he nods to

an acquaintance. At last the stage-manager, in the aggrieved peremptory tones of a man who has been kept waiting by the band, signifies that he will stand it no longer. With alacrity the conductor starts away, and suddenly—Stop! There are anxious consultations, angry mutterings, everyone seems to be in despair about everyone else's share in the enterprise; but at last things are arranged, and a fair beginning is actually made. The preparations for the next act are of the same kind; the interval is seldom shorter than an hour; and I have known many a rehearsal last altogether five and some six hours—only one-third being spent on the actual music. The impresario expects the critics to judge a new work heard under these conditions; because of his own lack of method he expects the critics to waste some hours of their time. It is idle to hope for better things. A stage-manager who had his preparations complete beforehand would be dismissed and get no sympathy from his fellows—such conduct would be unprofessional. When a man goes on the stage he assumes a name selected from the heroes of a servant-girl's penny novelette; a tenor sometimes does the same, but more generally cultivates a drooping moustache and lets his hair grow long, to get the appearance of vacuous inanity necessary for the proper singing of a sentimental song. Thus fitted out these gentlemen consider themselves professional; a really professional stage-manager cultivates a haphazard lack of method and punctuality that would mean ruin in any business but the theatre—and in my opinion often has spelt ruin in the theatre. Of course many managers say they care nothing for the Press. That means they do not feel it incumbent on them to say thank you for a "favourable" notice. Try them with an unfavourable one!

Things were not so bad as I dreaded at the full rehearsal of Strauss' "*Ariadne in Naxos*"—not for the general listener, that is. But the first part of the proceedings was slow enough for anyone like myself, who would rather at any time pay not to see a play than be paid for seeing it; and on such an evening it seemed a flagrant case of cruelty to critics to take me from a comparatively cool room and drive me through burning streets to be incarcerated for some hours in a furnace. But the incidental music to the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*" had to be hearkened unto; so I endured. Little did I get for my pains. One has to be careful when speaking of Richard Strauss to-day; but, if I may say so with due deference to everybody, it seems to me that if there is defect at all in his music at its best—a mere spot on the sun—it is that it seems hardly worth the trouble of writing; and this incidental music is far from being Strauss at his best. He has not the slightest gift of distinctive thematic invention, yet he trusts to the use of themes for his effects, comic and other. Wagner could invent a preposterous, shapeless tune in "*The Mastersingers of Nuremberg*" and give it to Beckmesser to sing; having heard it once we can never hear it again without recognising not only Beckmesser, but that gentleman in a grotesque and ignominious predicament. We hear the Montsalvat motive in "*Lohengrin*", and thenceforth those few simple chords call up a vision of the limpid shining river. Scores of examples might be given, and I dare say I have given most of them in my articles. It would be cruel—to both parties—to institute a comparison between one of the greatest of composers and a small man like Strauss; yet after all it is Strauss who invites the comparison. No one compelled him to adopt the system of representative themes; and if with all his business astuteness he has not recognised his poverty of thematic material he can only be judged by the standard he himself asks for. The growl of the lower-pitched instruments which occurs now and again during the course of Monsieur Jourdain's antics is absolutely destitute of significance. Intrinsically it possesses none of the humorously graphic quality of even Verdi in his weakest "*Falstaff*" stage; and Verdi had far too much common sense—or, as I have just implied that the gift required should be called, business astuteness—to ask people to listen closely for musical phrases

that can scarcely be memorised, even with conscientious effort. There is a great deal of what I would describe as sheer farce in what is billed as a comedy; and I am sure that Mr. George Byng or Mr. Hermann Finck could provide better accompaniments. As for the overture, Strauss' endeavour to be light and merry in the Mozart manner is anything but successful; there is no sense of beauty, there are no tears, in his humour. The fiddles are kept flying about in semi-quavers, and without doubt demi-semi-quavers; but the lightness and sprightliness are those of the time-honoured German baron who tried to learn to be bright and gay by jumping on tables.

The "Ariadne in Naxos" part of the show is not an opera; it is nonsense to call it an opera; not in any one respect does it ever so distantly resemble anything that has ever been called an opera. It is a masque, pure and simple. To the modern mind the masque is an historical curiosity; it seems odd to us that men of the calibre of Campion, not to mention Milton, should have troubled over a form that at its best was a combination of a circus and a pantomime. Shakespeare and Purcell liked it too; but unfortunately we are not of their age. The masque was always meant to afford amusement—or at best light artistic pleasure—and it must have done so; but properly to appreciate the merits of the form we should require sixteenth and seventeenth eyes, ears, and minds. These have departed with their centuries; and now in the twentieth century we may once in a while look at a masque and make a violent effort to put ourselves in the place of our ancestors. Strauss, and the steady workman who puts his books of words together for him, think this obsolete form can be adapted to twentieth-century tastes and needs. They imagine in the vanity of their hearts that they can bring back the dead to life. Looking after their corpse, following the hearse, they have strayed down a cul-de-sac. As for Mr. Hofmannsthal, no one cares much about him. But Strauss has many admirers, and it may be pointed out to them that their hero has spent all his life in going into blind alleys. He has always shown himself sufficiently agile in getting out—and hunting up a fresh one to dive into.

Apart from "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme", "Ariadne" is incomprehensible. In the play a serious opera is arranged for and a harlequinade is arranged for; but as M. Jourdain—according to Hofmannsthal—does not want his fireworks to come on too late he gives orders that to save time the two shall be combined. The consequence is the wildest absurdity of a masque ever devised. Ariadne mourns her beloved Theseus, who has left her on a desert isle amply provided with picturesque ruins; Theseus apparently left with her some nymphs of wood and water for whom he had no need; he also left—or they came there of their own accord—one lady and four gentlemen, all dancers and singers out of an Italian operetta. Each scene is prodigiously long in proportion to the exigencies of the situation. Ariadne bewails her fate in unvoiced, inexpressive caterwaulings until one is bound to agree with M. Jourdain that the thing is intolerable. The lady dancer comes on and sings at equal length, and dances and kicks one of her shoes as far as the orchestra into the bargain; the four gentlemen do a ballet-dance which makes one ashamed to belong to the same biped species; then Ariadne falls to again; and so the game goes on until the arrival of Bacchus. He sings a song, the words of which are, in the circumstances, sheer lunacy; the song convinces Ariadne, however, that this hero can console her for the loss of Theseus. So the grotto in which she had sorrowed—or, rather, was supposed to sorrow, for she took precious good care never to stay inside when any vocalisation was to be done—sinks into Sir Herbert Tree's cellars and from the flies descends a sort of cabinet particulier of roses; the dancers come on again and all ends—well? I cannot say; but at least it ends, and one is thankful for that.

Strauss was first known in this country as a writer of symphonic poems, and I wished he would turn his attention to opera; he turned his attention to opera, and I wished he would go back to symphonic poems; he

turned to what he called symphonies—really symphonic poems—and I wished he would try opera once again; in "Feuersnot", the "Rosenkavalier", and "Ariadne" he has harked back to opera once more, and I devoutly hope he will now seriously consider the question of giving up altogether the attempt to compose. He cannot compose; he cannot originate; he cannot organise. Never was music so hopelessly monotonous offered to a gullible public. The want of character in the melodies, the mechanical way they are developed, the continual fussiness of the orchestration, the unbroken sameness of his favourite kinds of orchestral tints, all go to achieve a mixture which for creating the sense of ennui can hardly be beaten by the dullest of our old provincial festival oratorios. The lady dancer alone has music of a sort that one recognises as hers: that is, Strauss has given her an interminable series of unlovely, meaningless roudades. If he meant to show us that he could do this sort of thing as well as Bellini, say, or Rossini, he fails dismally. There is energy and a little character in parts of a long quintet sung by the dancers. The Bacchus music means nothing to me. All the music of the masque is as modern as anything Strauss has offered us, and is in marked contrast to the incidental music of the farce, where an attempt, not at all finely sustained, is made to get the atmosphere of a bygone age. There are phrases reminding us of Lulli and Handel; but it is not kept up; on the contrary there are great slices in the very different style of Haydn and early Mozart. The full beggarliness of the music, both in the farce and the masque, was shown up as by limelight by the very small orchestra employed. The stuff of Strauss' music is always thin in quality; but hitherto his enormous orchestra has disguised the fact. Now the dullest ears must realise the truth.

The singers without exception shouted too much. They faced their absurdities with the seriousness of people going to execution or engaged in a music-drama at Bayreuth. The Zerbinetta, Miss Hermione Bossetti, vocalised her coloratura passages with wonderful skill; of the lady, Miss Eva von der Osten, who played Ariadne I would prefer not to speak until I have heard her in some genuine music. Mr. Otto Marrak, a very robustious tenor, who took Bacchus, had a curious conception of his part. As the god of joy and love he came on wreathed in smiles; but these disappeared every time he opened his mouth wide to emit vociferous tones of genuine Teutonic quality; and the consequence was that his changing grimaces were disconcerting—sometimes terrifying.

"THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN."

BY JOHN PALMER.

SIR HERBERT TREE has a reputation for versatility. Reviving Shakespeare's "Henry IV.", he plays Hotspur alternately with Falstaff, the one part neither better nor worse than the other. Sir Herbert's secret is quite a simple one. How does he contrive to get into the skin of so many different people? asks a wondering public. The answer commits us to something very like a bull. Sir Herbert contrives to get inside so many different people by remaining outside. Sir Herbert is the clever actor of this generation, par excellence. This is the measure of his achievement and of his limitation. He plays no character from the inside; but he plays all characters equally well from the outside. His portraits are made up of innumerable small touches. His parts are elaborately built up of innumerable devices and expedients. His characters have the appearance of marginal notes or jottings. His Falstaff is a walking essay upon Falstaff. His Hotspur is an animated thesis upon Hotspur. His readings are invariably interesting; but they are not characters. They are disquisitions upon character, and they leave us cold. They appeal entirely to the intelligence. We agree, and we disagree. We feel as if we were being addressed by an able lecturer with whom it would be a pleasure to com-

pare notes. We feel we are dealing less with an actor than with a critic, less with an artist whose mission it is to present a character than with a commentator whose pleasure it is to explain it. It follows that Sir Herbert Tree is never intolerably tedious; but he is never intolerably exciting. An evening at His Majesty's Theatre is never entirely wasted; but it is never a great emotional experience.

My quarrel as a critic with Sir Herbert Tree is not that he has no brains; but that he has too many, and that he grievously misapplies them. Very fine results can be achieved by an exceptionally talented actor who keeps outside his characters and presents them entirely as exercises in criticism. But there are plays to which this method is admirably suited; and there are plays which this method is bound to ruin, or at any rate, to disfigure past recognition. Othello, Hamlet, Falstaff and Macbeth, put together by the best brains of the best critics who have ever lived, will still fail utterly to be anything in the least resembling Othello, Hamlet, Falstaff and Macbeth. These characters will not live in a world wherein nothing exists but what may be expressed in the clearest and most intelligible French prose. Sir Herbert's method suits best the funny stage; it suits not at all the world of Shakespeare's greatest figures. It suits only that poetry which is a criticism of life, that poetry which is not really poetry at all; for Matthew Arnold's definition is really a definition of prose. Sir Herbert, like M. Jourdain, has been talking prose all his life without realising it. I live in a perpetual state of anger with His Majesty's Theatre because I have a passionate respect for Shakespeare's poetry, and I consider it a sacrilege to translate it into prose, however excellent the prose may be. Shakespeare at His Majesty's is an indignity upon Shakespeare, not because it is bad poetry, but because it is good prose. The better the prose the more indignant I become; for its excellence is so much the clearer proof of valuable energy and competence misapplied.

I am therefore naturally delighted with "The Perfect Gentleman". Here one may see Sir Herbert's method applied to precisely the sort of work it is most fitted to adorn. The whole production is a miracle of fitness. The operatic section is not my affair; but the dressing of M. Jourdain and his fencing lesson are so far part of the comedy that perhaps I may be allowed to say that Dr. Richard Strauss finds his *métier* here with Sir Herbert Tree. All is careful and clever and uninspired. There are brains, brains, and yet more brains. Sir Herbert's M. Jourdain is the brainiest essay upon vulgarity I have ever read. It is the essay of Mr. Somerset Maugham, annotated, amplified, underlined. It is a variorum edition. It is printed upon expensive paper; and, to lend it a higher perfection of the exquisite, it is published only in a very limited number of copies—the type immediately to be distributed. There are only eight performances of "The Perfect Gentleman".

I wish it were Sir Herbert's intention to apply his exceptional cleverness to English farce for the rest of his days. I cannot imagine why Mr. Bernard Shaw has never come to terms with him. His Majesty's Theatre as the shrine of English intellectual farce is an agreeable prospect, both for itself, and for the period it would necessarily put to the misapplication of Sir Herbert's cleverness to the tragedies and histories of Shakespeare. Why has Sir Herbert missed the opportunity of playing Broadbent? and why did Mr. Shaw neglect to capture him for the part? Conceive Sir Herbert as the incomparable William of "You Never Can Tell"; and marvel that he does not intend to play it in the autumn of this present year, instead of reviving Shakespeare, as he threatens to do.

There is one rather serious blot upon this production. (I deal of course only with the play.) Dr. Strauss has applied his wonderful wits to a comedy by Molière, whereas Sir Herbert Tree has applied

his wonderful wits to a farce by Mr. Somerset Maugham. The result, as may be imagined, is at times a startling incongruity between the music, and the events it actually accompanies upon His Majesty's stage. The musical notes of Dr. Strauss are intelligent; the play-acting notes of Sir Herbert Tree are equally intelligent. It is the more unfortunate that these ingenious collaborators should be annotating a separate work of art under an apparent delusion that it is the same. Another point is vividly suggested by these parallel commentaries of Sir Herbert Tree and Dr. Strauss. Clever play-acting is tolerable and even interesting. Clever music is intolerable and tedious. Music is a fine art and must be inspired. Mere intelligent commentary will not do. A dramatic essay upon M. Jourdain is a legitimate kind of literature. A musical essay upon M. Jourdain is not a legitimate kind of music. It is not music at all.

His Majesty's Theatre being for the moment empty of anything that even remotely resembles a stage crowd, playgoers who feel the want of this diversion should visit the Naval and Military Tournament at Olympia. Sir Mark Sykes has got together quite a lively stage-crowd at Olympia. It really looks like a number of people out for any fun or mischief that may be going—a crowd that does not seem too obviously overwhelmed with its responsibilities as a maker of history. Sir Mark Sykes has chosen for his matter those exciting months of London life when nobody knew what Monck intended to do next. It is all in the early pages of Pepys, and the pamphleteers of 1659. It goes with a rush at Olympia, as a pageant should. It is good illustrated history. The uninstructed will not forget, after Olympia, that London was very glad to welcome back King Charles in 1660; also that English Parliaments which sit too long run great risks of popular indignity at the close. One of the few occasions when I should have liked to have some share in a popular festivity was that glorious night when Pepys saw London lit with small fires and rumpsteaks frizzling at every turn of the street.

NO TEARS.

THERE was a time not very long ago when emotion could be expressed in an elementary way, when men needed no mask, and women could weep. Emotion was not a thing for secret practice then. Henry VIII. could burst into tears and still appear a king, Mary could fling herself on her knees before her council and still remain a queen, the haughty Queen of Scots could sob when arguing with Knox and still keep the respect of her court. Manliness was not the suppression of strong feeling. When the funeral sermon was being preached on the Regent Murray of Scotland there was not a man in all that iron crowd—so runs the record—but was in tears. When the Duke of Anjou was being pressed to marry Elizabeth, he "retired to his cabinet and bestowed half a day in shedding tears". When James of Scotland was disappointed he "wept like a fresh-beaten babe". Even as late as the nineteenth century elementary emotion was allowed. As late as Dickens the hero could burst into tears; but it seems that after Dickens there came a change, so great a change that emotion is now a subtle thing in which outward signs have little part. No orator would dare to say to a modern English crowd, "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now".

Crude colours, crude manners, and crude morals have almost disappeared, and so has crude emotion. Life has become an art shade. The unrestrained colours have gone and with them the unrestrained emotions. In the old days there were notes that "drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek". But he would have no tears to-day, because they are no longer any sign of deep feeling. The actress who expresses sorrow by burying her head in her hands and weeping has no sympathetic audience to-day. She must find some better way which gives something of the delicacy of modern emotion. This, of course, is far more difficult. Till lately it has

been accepted, at any rate in England, that grief need be expressed only by tears, anger by a raised voice, and amusement by laughter. It is not easy to escape from such conventions, and anger and amusement are still, as a rule, expressed on the stage much as they were, say, in the sixteenth century. The angry man, in whatever society he may be, is still made to shout, though in real life he gave up shouting at least fifty years ago. The amused man or woman is still made to laugh loudly and elaborately, though loud laughter seldom follows a joke outside the theatre. Luckily more progress has been made in the expression of sorrow. In the matter of tears the stage and literature have almost kept pace with life. Novels are no longer wet with the tears of their heroines. The heroine of to-day is dry-eyed and subtle and bewildering. She must not show her feelings in the old obvious elementary way. She must not blush or swoon. Above all, she must not burst into tears. She may, in fact, do very little except smile, and make epigrams, and argue. Instead of weeping she talks. Until thirty or forty years ago she never talked. Meredith was the first to allow her to talk, and she has talked ever since. She shows her emotion in words, subtly and at length. She is brightest when most unhappy, and epigrammatic when her grandmother would have fainted. The innocent reader expects every moment to see her weep, but instead there comes a quiet epigram, or a page of talk, and she does not even consent to walk haughtily out of the room.

We seem, in fact, to have come to the end of tears. They have said all they had to say and must now give place to words. They must join all the other dead emotions that litter the Middle Ages. There is no need for them now. They were given a good burial by Jane Austen and they cannot very well be revived.

A MORNING ADVENTURE.

By FILSON YOUNG.

I AM not what is called an early riser. On the other hand, I sit up late at night. It seems to me just as human and meritorious a proceeding, although the copy-books give one no credit for it. It has always been a custom to sneer at the man who lies abed while the rest of the world is up and doing; but the merits of the man who remains up and doing while the rest of the world is snoring under blankets have never been sufficiently recognised. Such is the force of inherited prejudice, however, that I feel no pride in my nightly feat of sitting up reading or talking till the small hours, whereas, if by any chance I do get up fairly early in the morning, I am filled with an unwonted sense of virtue and heroism, and behave as if I accepted all the conventional superstitions—that a man who rises early has a sense of buoyancy and clarity of mind, and inspires in these early hours a store of energy lasting throughout a long day. The truth with me is exactly the contrary. If I sit up till two in the morning and rise at nine, I feel fit and well and have as much appetite for work as it is possible for me to have, and a zest for any kind of amusement that the day may bring which is, I am glad to say, unfailing. If, on the contrary, I go to bed at half-past ten and get up at six I spend the night in stark wakefulness, and go out into the world with a sense of heroism, it is true, but also with a slight sense of dissipation. I have a faint burning sensation in the eyes, feel strangely languid and drowsy, am incommoded by the sensation that I have swallowed and am carrying about with me a smouldering coal, have no appetite whatever for breakfast, and probably doze off into an uneasy slumber about 11 A.M. Mere early rising—getting up before other people, that is to say—seems to me an overrated virtue, chiefly esteemed as a means of getting the better of other people. We all know the proverbial breakfast of the early bird. Well, I do not want the fattest worm; I am more than content that someone else should have

it; and a little bit of quite a lean one will do for me, provided that I am let alone to choose for myself what I think desirable, and to fix the standard by which I shall measure my own wisdom or folly.

All the same, as I say, I got up this morning and went out to taste the first breath of summer in London streets that were strangely unfamiliar. All the houses in my neighbourhood were shut and shuttered as in the middle of August; the streets were almost empty except for a few pedestrians of an unfamiliar kind. A group of housebreakers were assembling to begin their dusty job of destruction; a chimney-sweep was wheeling a little hand-cart full of brushes and soot, with the legend "established 1851" painted on it; and this furnished me with some reflexions on the nature of pride, and on how, even in being a chimney-sweep for three score years and ten, there may be something more than labour and sorrow. Cats sat unashamed in the middle of roadways which at other hours are filled with the brimming tide of wheeled traffic, and there were long unwonted vistas, such as the lion on Dickens and Jones' shop in Regent Street seen in a perspective from Park Lane, a suggestion of blue hills filling the opening of Orchard Street, and the spire of Harrow Church standing apparently at the end of Park Street. There were no taxis nor motor-omnibuses running, but I found a hansom which took me at an agreeable trot along the empty streets. And the first discovery that I made was that London, at any rate in the West End, goes back to her more innocent ways in these early morning hours. Motor-cars are almost entirely absent, hansom-cab drivers, milkmen, dustmen and costermongers alone occupying the thoroughfares, and there is peace and silence, and a taste of the old thrill of a more sober, spacious, and dignified London.

My destination was Covent Garden, for I had never seen Covent Garden in the early morning; that being one of the many exciting and agreeable things which all Londoners are supposed to have done, and many pretend to have done, but few in fact have done. All the rest of the West End was deserted, but in the neighbourhood of Garrick Street my hansom was blocked by a line of carts bearing fruit and flowers and vegetables. Here I met a friend by appointment, and together we strolled for a little round a network of streets all of which were entirely filled with horse-drawn carriers' carts. Whoever else was asleep, there was plenty of life going on here, and as yet we were only on the outskirts. How the traffic changes from hour to hour in these narrow London thoroughfares! One hour of the day they will be traversed by heavy motor-vans, and those huge waggons that the railway companies scatter from their stations; at another hour there will be nothing but lines of carriages and motors and taxicabs, with shining lamps and varnish, and throngs of liveried servants; but now there was nothing but the smell of flowers and fruit, and brilliant splashes of colour, and horses tossing their nosebags, and all the ancient business of collecting and distributing the fruits of the earth. One was continually being jostled by people bearing pine boxes which might contain any edible vegetable thing from cabbages to strawberries, from mushrooms to asparagus; the wilderness had blossomed like the rose, and the morning air smelled like a garden. All the porters and burden bearers were engaged on the same business, and knew and greeted each other; but we felt like idlers and strangers who had strayed into a foreign city where we did not know the language. As we drew nearer to the centre of this great commotion of flowers and fruit the throng became denser, and the menace of wooden boxes swiftly borne on broad shoulders became greater. I have said that the scene was curiously foreign; and so it was, but only perhaps because a Londoner is more familiar with such scenes in foreign places than in his own town. There were certainly two particularly English characteristics in the occasion. One was its silence. There was practically no shouting, and not much conversation, and as the commodities were all being carried by hand from the market to the waiting carts in the adjacent streets

there was little sound of traffic other than of feet on the pavement. In any foreign town there would have been yelling and gesticulating, a carnival of sound as well as of movement. Even in Ireland or in Scotland, what I remember of such morning scenes is that they are accompanied by loud shouting. But here the swift streams of movement ran quietly, and those who greeted each other did not need to raise their voices. And the other notable thing was the extraordinary order and efficiency with which the whole business of transportation was carried out. Everything, even the purchase, seemed to have been settled long ago. It was as if people were carrying out, not a commercial transaction of the moment, but a law of nature as old as mankind. The organisation was perfect; it was not an artificial or a disciplined organisation, but a natural organisation. In France or Germany or America, for example, there would have been policemen and officials at every corner; queues would have been formed, and the whole business carried on under the iron hand of authority. But here the order was natural and spontaneous, like that of people long used to seemly and efficient ways. Out of this great cornucopia a delicious plenty of colour and light was flowing in immense volume, and in every direction, but, as I said, the organisation was spontaneous; the flood had not to be kept in by dykes and groins and embankments; it ran in natural channels that Time and itself had worn, and ran without inconvenience or risk or confusion.

And now I am nearly falling asleep, having done little justice to my theme. For that you must blame this indulgence in the virtue of early rising, and the fact that when I should have been quietly asleep in my bed I was idling and dissipating among the flowers. The next time I go to Covent Garden I shall stay up all night; I shall then merely go to bed a little later than usual, and rise a little later—a much more orderly proceeding.

SKETCHES IN ITALY.

By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

III.

WANDERING aimlessly about Pompeii—which is the best way to see Pompeii—it is a good thing not to hire guides, but to go sometimes where guides are. The thing may sound mean, yet Charles Lamb confessed to a like weakness. He said he loved to filch a little learning in the streets from the book-stalls. I like to filch a little from the guides. And indeed it is only getting back some of one's own. The guides, even when we do not hire—especially when we do not hire—them, filch from us. They filch our places in the trains and hotel omnibuses for their parties. They thrust in front of us, politely but firmly, and say the rooms have all been engaged, and the places at table. They claim the carrozza we are just going to step into. The point is that at Pompeii all gates unlock and swing open to the guide and his flock, and if we do not go in with the flock, we may not go in at all; for the custodians at Pompeii keep some of the best spots on their own beats under lock and key, and show no desire to let you in—indeed they show the exact opposite—unless you propose to pay them. This thing is perfectly natural, and indeed it would not be practical always to unlock for every single visitor. The tips are not excessive, but it is irksome to be continually sorting out nickel and copper from silver and to be calculating what this man and that man ought to have.

At Pompeii one would rather roam about, serene and independent, unruffled, as much as possible, by such nagging questions. Besides nickel is nickel. Lamb said he disliked being approached by beggars; if he refused alms, it was uncomfortable; if he gave, he was so much the poorer. It is uncomfortable not to tip every custodian who opens a gate for you, and if you do tip all the custodians—who on the whole are an excellent class—you are the poorer. So when you chance to be passing the Casadi di Orbellius Firmus at

the moment it has opened to the guide and his flock, human nature says "Go in". But it is not nature, at any rate it is not my nature, to listen long to what another man's guide or one's own guide says. The charm of travel, of strange and wonderful places, is largely in the sense of discovery. There is always this chance of discovery. It is an absurd mistake to suppose that the world has been all discovered. Of course the contrary is much truer. But to discover we must act on our own impulse and whim. We must wander about Pompeii somewhat vaguely instead of having it catalogued and mapped out for us.

Perhaps after two or three visits some idea of the place will begin to take shape. I have brought away from Pompeii two distinct sets of impressions. The first relates to the live side, the nature side, and to the colouring of the place. Pompeii is not quite the spot a man would choose to study wild life in—yet somehow I cannot forget seeing more than two years ago the swallow-tail butterfly, *Papilio Machaon*, fresh from the chrysalid, flying over the fossil city. The human side of Pompeii is to me all fossil: I cannot see it in any other light. Skulls and bones are usually horrible things to look at, disgusting things. But they do not much distress me in Pompeii, not very much more than a shark's tooth or a starfish from the Headon clays and sands would. They strike me there as curious fossils. But what an odd playing-ground for *Machaon* over the tufa walls and the ashes and fossils! It reminds me of the little skyblue butterfly sporting among the tombstones and the rank grass of an English cemetery—levity and Lethe. And this spring, wandering near the Forum of Pompeii, I heard a sweet, wild note, and stopped to listen to the blue rock-thrush that was nesting somewhere in that confusion of ruined walls. That little irony at any rate had not hitherto been discovered, I prided myself, by any of them.

Of course the position of Pompeii is one of the things that have been discovered. I have read in one of the books the theory that they discovered it more than two thousand years ago. It is said that even when the city was whole the people sitting in the larger theatre within the walls could enjoy the natural setting of Pompeii. The idea is they were full of the Greek spirit; could understand and absorb the marvellous beauty of the scene. And marvellous the beauty of Pompeii is in its many lights and glows. I had thought to keep out of these sketches most of the adjectives of praise; they are worked so hard, they are so unsatisfying; and particularly the word beauty with its verb and adjective grows so sickly sweet, at times turning to pure sugar, that one prefers some rough contrary, say brute or beast. But to keep them out of Italy is to lie about Italy.

Pompeii is set in something like a semi-circle of hills, Naples Apennines and the Vesuvius range; and these hills are often glowing in their subdued way in rose and violet lights. The rose is not so deep in dye as that of the Aures Mountains on the edge of Sahara but it is more delicate. Sitting on one of the upper tiers of the theatre by the Forum you see all this; and when the sky is a little overcast, and even I think when the sky is all blue, you see a constant subtle change in these ethereal Apennine blooms and glows. Again, between columns and across low walls, and from the steps of the same theatre too, you see the tremble and the gleam of the sea, and the grey mysterious isles of the great Bay, Capri and Ischia and even a glimpse perhaps of low Procida.

What a theatre, site and scene-painting! But if these fabled Pompeians saw such things from the Greek point of view—and if the Greek point of view was at all like that of people who are steeped in the Nature spirit to-day—Pompeian thoughts and eyes must very often have turned away from the play and players below. However I do not know in the least how the Pompeians viewed the hills and sea. One theory of Pompeii is that it was decadent at the time of its ruin. Whether that would prevent its people from seeing the Apennines and the sea with its enchanted isles through the Greek eye

may be doubtful. What is called decadence to-day is certainly not insensitive to such things. But, if decadent, what must Pompeii have been like in the time of its strength and glory? Suppose Winchester or Salisbury, suppose—more serious for the artistic and intellectual reputation of England two thousand years hence—Reading or Bedford were destroyed by a volcano to-morrow and fossilised, what would be said of them when excavated in the year 2113? Might not the last two be condemned as decadent provincial towns? The most loyal citizen of Bedford, Reading, even of Winchester and Salisbury, after a few hours, first at Pompeii and then in the Naples Museum, may think twice before saying how backward those poor Pompeians were compared with ourselves and our town councils and municipal works. True much of the wall work inside the houses at Pompeii is not very striking. One would almost as soon have English wall-papers and friezes and dados with their trumpery designs as some of this Pompeii work; and one would a great deal rather have plain whitewash or distemper. Rubbish a good deal of it would be declared, had it not been found at Pompeii. In a corner of Pompeii one day whilst I was roaming about alone a custodian came up and spoke to me, and as there was no one else near I began to talk in dog-Latin or worse Italian: it is astonishing what you can do in this line when it is quite unnecessary. The end of the talk was that the man carried me off to see some private baths underground, and in another part of the same building skeletons of mules and dogs and a far smaller one, neatly pieced together. Behold "L'uccello!", the common barn-door fowl, I take it. Finally, pleased with his pay, and becoming a little mysterious, my friend beckoned me on to another house, a place of doubtful resort—or perhaps undoubted—and showed me two or three little wall-paintings that gave away the secret. I never saw much greater rubbish or worse ornament. It consisted of love passages among gods and goddesses—and what gods and goddesses!

But one must not forget that the people returned to Pompeii after the ruin and carried off the finest works and most of the treasure: and yet look what still was left, most of it now in the National Museum at Naples!

What English provincial town of to-day could show two thousand years hence art and ornament so curious and lovely? Go into the gold-room of the Naples Museum and look at many things there and in neighbouring rooms; but look chiefly at two small statues of women there, one of them dressing her hair. Then think of the statues in an English town, think of the statues in Parliament Square; the frock-coats, the prancing steeds, the roll of parchment. If Pompeii A.D. 79 was decadent, how exactly do we stand in 1913?

A CRITIC OF ORIENTAL ART.

By LAURENCE BINYON.

WE often talk of the changes wrought by science in our daily life, and of the rapidity of the changes. That is impressed on the least impressible of us. But there are other spheres, too, quite apart from current interests, where the changes wrought in a few years may well astonish. I dare say it would be easier to write a text-book on some branch of physical science that would not be out of date in a year from its publication than to achieve the same feat in writing of Chinese art. The two big volumes* left in manuscript by E. F. Fenollosa at his death, to be edited and published by his widow, strikingly remind one of what the last five or six years have done for our knowledge. Fenollosa died in 1908, but his book was written—rapidly, we are told, in a great burst of sustained energy—two years before. It embodies all the knowledge acquired so sedulously since the time

when, as a young and newly appointed professor in Tokio's new University, Fenollosa fell in love with the art and the whole ancient civilisation of the Far East. That was in 1878. Others, both Europeans and Americans, had an equal opportunity, but no one realised the full meaning and true perspective of Japanese art as he did. At a time when the Japanese were in a hurry to swallow the West whole, and were in danger of casting away all their past, Fenollosa was among those who sought to rally the forces of conservatism. He sat at the feet of old painters who preserved the traditions not only of art but of connoisseurship, as only the Japanese know how to preserve them. He learnt in Buddhist monasteries from Buddhist priests what their religion really was and really meant to them. He travelled over Japan to the old shrines and sanctuaries, where masterpieces of old painting and sculpture were treasured. And with keen insight he noted, compared, studied. Fonder of talking and lecturing than of writing, he delayed for years after his return to America the composition of what was to be his life's work. And he never quite finished it. He left his manuscript unrevised. Had he lived till now, it is probable that he would still be revising it.

For since 1906 much has happened. Fenollosa had imbibed the traditional learning of the Japanese. And in Japan it has long been an article of faith that the art of China can best be studied, not in China itself, but in Japanese collections. Yet in the last few years researches in Chinese collections have shown that this view must be very largely modified; and not only this but our conceptions of the art of some of the greatest Chinese masters, Li Lung-mien, for instance, the most famous of the Sung painters, have undergone a complete revision. Fenollosa's estimate of this artist—he uses, as always, the Japanese form of the name, Ririomin—is based in great measure on works which, splendid as they undoubtedly are, would now generally be conceded to have nothing to do with him. But it is not only from existing Chinese collections that light has come; the discoveries of Stein and Pelliot, of Von Le Coq and Grünwedel, in Chinese Turkestan, and the researches of Chavannes, have added immensely to our knowledge of early Chinese art, and especially of Buddhist painting and sculpture. I can imagine with what enthusiastic appreciation Fenollosa, had he lived, would have welcomed this ever-widening range of information. He was not one to cling stiffly to a preconceived opinion. It was my fortune to make his acquaintance only a week before his sudden death in London, and I remember vividly both the impression of his quick insight and eager enjoyment of beauty, and the shock of hearing that one I had parted with two days before, brimming, to all appearance, with the energy of life, had been so incredibly extinguished.

Fenollosa had a great gift of enthusiasm. With all his accumulated knowledge, he never allowed himself to tire and grow dull. He retained the capacity of youth to be thrilled and enchanted. This gift shines throughout his book, and carries the reader on through what, to many, must be a forest of unfamiliar names. For it is enthusiasm allied to penetration and a firm grasp of essentials. Fenollosa disclaimed scholarship in the stricter sense, and negligences in spelling of names and other details will irritate Oriental scholars. But we cannot expect everything from one man; and the scholar and the archaeologist too often deaden our interest or depress us by their want of touch with life. To men of Fenollosa's type art itself is the real document, not facts recorded about it. But in the case of Oriental art, so much neglected by Orientalists, the habit has been rather to deal with it from the point of view of the collector of curios or the shopman. Various crafts were competently examined and appraised; the greater and more expressive arts were relegated to a vague background, since the ideas they expressed were unknown or not understood. But, as Fenollosa rightly says, "Art is the power of the imagination to transform materials—to transfigure them—and the history of art should be

* "Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art." By E. F. Fenollosa. Two vols. London: Heinemann. 1912. 36s. net.

the history of this power rather than the history of the materials through which it works. At creative periods all forms of art will be found to inter-act. From the building of a great temple to the outline of a bowl which the potter turns upon his wheel, all effort is transfused with a single style". This is true; and only by working on these lines are we able to see how the art of a race is shaped from within, and what successive waves of inspiration add to its varied felicities of achievement. The plan therefore of this work is the tracing of the rise and decline of one creative period after another, now culminating in China, now in Japan. Nor is the art treated as something separate and peculiar, but as a special variety of art's universal language. We in the West have been prone to emphasise the avoidance of shadows in Chinese and Japanese paintings as a disabling deficiency. But in such matters our dependence on the accidents of Nature tends to mislead and confuse our perceptions. The Chinese may dispense with cast shadows, but that only leaves them the more free to study the relation of light tones to dark in a picture, and the harmonious arrangement of these light and dark tones, which, for the artist, is the essential thing. To Fenollosa "all art is harmonious spacing, under special technical conditions which vary". Certainly the, to us, novel spacing, with all that the term implies—related grouping of lines, tones, colours, with a definite and positive use of empty space—is what impresses us most in Chinese and Japanese design. Here we find a differentiation from Persian and Indian just as much as from European work. The pictorial melts into the decorative; or rather the decorative element, always the foundation and starting point, "sucks up" (to use a phrase of Fenollosa's) just as much or as little of natural suggestion as it cares to hold. But how vividly and powerfully the natural suggestion tells, when used with this deliberate sparseness and selection! Where in any art do we get so deep a sense of the miraculous beauty of growing flowers, or of snow, as in the great screens of Yeitoku, of Koyetsu, of Sotatsu, with their gleams of gorgeous colour on sun-like gold or moon-like silver? Just at the moment our public is inclined to depreciate Japanese art in comparison with the newly-discovered and long-unsuspected beauty of old Chinese painting. So it is well that it should be reminded of the achievements of this splendid school of mural painting, so little known in England. One of the most striking and interesting chapters of Fenollosa's book is that devoted to Koyetsu, famous as a lacquer-designer, but hardly recognised hitherto as a painter, and to his school. The later master of the school, Korin, is one of the few Japanese artists who have won fame in Europe. But there can be no doubt that Koyetsu and Sotatsu, to whom Korin owed all the peculiar features of his design, were the greater men. Fenollosa's account of Matahei, the founder of the popular Ukiyo-yé school, is, on the other hand, out of date. Nor does more recent criticism accept the conclusions here advanced about some of the great masters of ancient times—Kanaoka, for instance, to whom tradition long ascribed certain splendid paintings, now generally assigned to later dates. But in these matters it is not likely that we shall arrive at anything more conclusive than doubts and hesitations. In spite of supersessions, inevitable as time goes on, supersessions to which the criticism of this and the next generation must be equally liable, Fenollosa's work is one to which the student will not cease to turn for its comprehensive grasp of the dominant mood and inspiration of the creative epochs of the Far East, and its æsthetic interpretation of painting and of sculpture. To these qualities a brief review can do no justice. The style at times may puzzle or irritate by a use of odd, extravagant phrases and allusions; it gives the impression in places of a rapid, eager talker, whose thought outstrips his speech; but at his best Fenollosa could write with admirable point and lucidity, and his language, however careless or over-emphatic, is always very much alive. Reproductions of Eastern paintings are rarely satisfactory, and the numerous illustrations to

these two volumes are unequal, some being from poor negatives, while others are as good as one can expect. The great American collections are freely drawn upon; and this lends the book a special interest. Among the best of the coloured reproductions are the Ming "Earthly Paradise" in the British Museum and the fine early Japanese "Portrait of a Priest" in the Louvre.

THE LITERARY MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

JANUARY TO MAY.

ONE may safely say that practically all the interest which the serious-minded public takes in literature was devoted recently to the rising generation. The subject, in the days of rapid evolution which we witness, is of course supremely important, but it seems to have absorbed all the attention of which other important matters might have claimed their share. Of this even the most cursory reading of any paper or magazine must have given sufficient proofs.

Several volumes dedicated to the characteristics of modern French youth ought to be mentioned—"Aux Ecoutes de la France qui Vient" (par G. Riou, 1913, Paris, Grasset, 3f. 50c.), "La Renaissance de l'Orgueil Français" (par E. Rey, 1912, Paris, Grasset, 2f.), "A quoi Rêvent les Jeunes Gens" (par E. Henriot, 1913, Paris, Champion, 2f.); but especially "Les Jeunes Gens d'Aujourd'hui" (par Agathon, 1913, Paris, Plon, 3f. 50c.), which has been the occasion of hundreds of articles. Agathon is the pseudonym, chosen by two young authors, M. Alfred de Tarde and M. Massis, who may not be much more than clever journalists, but who know the epoch well and have a talent for discovering subjects of vital interest. "Les Jeunes Gens d'Aujourd'hui" is a small volume, more than half of which is filled by appendices—which one must say are documents of exceptional value—but it will be difficult to write the history of our time without taking it into consideration, not only as evidence, but even as a factor. In spite of a few unimportant criticisms made by M. Faguet and M. Bouglé, the book as a whole cannot be contradicted or even supplemented. It is a lucid and practically complete inventory of the chief differences visible in the men who are now between forty-five and sixty and those who are between twenty and thirty-five. What strikes at once in this book is the importance it gives to the moral standpoint. Scores of volumes of this kind have been produced since the great Romanticist outburst: they were invariably of a literary character. "Les Jeunes Gens d'Aujourd'hui", though compiled by writers consulting other writers, hardly mentions literature, and gives its whole space to ethical considerations. Such an attitude has not been seen in France since the days of Liberal Catholicism in 1830, and it means that the craving after superficial brilliancy is giving way to more solid tendencies.

According to Agathon, the generation now going out was materialised by Taine's philosophy, demoralised by the elegant scepticism of Renan, coarsened by the naturalist literature, unnerved and rendered cynical by the memories of 1870, finally rendered vaguely humanitarian by the Socialist and Dreyfusist wave, as well as by the cant of politicians. On the contrary, the present youth has become distrustful and even disdainful of the scientism on which Taine's and Renan's confidence was built; it is on its guard against theories and prefers action, seeking it in all its forms, from sports to war; it has completely given up idle speculations about what is vital and elemental, and is patriotic even to the point of appearing narrow-minded and violent; in politics also it shows a healthy scorn of the old Radical idols, it demands clarity and leans towards positivism; finally it is purer and more virile, advising early marriage, and without any mysticism appearing to be in sympathy with a somewhat old-fashioned Catholicism.

It would take a whole volume to discuss Agathon's position, but it is not surprising that it has taken the Press months to dwell, without exhausting them, on its consequences. That a book of such tendencies should receive so much attention is an event in itself.

It is also less as literature than as manifestations of a new spirit that three volumes, "*Les Mœurs du Temps*" (par A. Capus, 1913, Paris, Grasset, 3f. 50c.), "*L'Histoire d'Alsace*" (par Hansi, 1913, Paris, Flournoy, 5f.), and "*La Turquie Agonisante*" (par Pierre Loti, Paris, 1913, Calmann-Lévy, 2f.), have attracted attention.

"*Les Mœurs du Temps*" is a mere string of articles contributed weekly to the "*Figaro*", and a great deal in them has the ephemeral appearance of such literature. But these articles have originally been published in the "*Figaro*"; that is to say, a paper which has always mirrored a few characteristic aspects of French life, and they are the work of a man who is universally regarded, along with Lavedan and Donnay, as typically Parisian. Now, here as in Agathon's book and more convincingly because they are less systematically put together, we find the chief traits of new France, and here again they are the predominance of the moral over the former intellectual ethos, a self-asserting though quiet patriotism, and a partiality for several attachments of Old France—including religion—which, however, has nothing reactionary in it. In three years hence, M. Capus may publish identically the same book and not meet with a tithe of the same success. At the present moment, "*Les Mœurs du Temps*" is a part of the national life.

The same can be said of Hansi's book, which is an extraordinary success. If Alsace-Lorraine had not become—thanks to Barrès and to the brilliant staff of "*Les Marches de l'Est*"—nearer to the French than it was before 1871, a book in somewhat ponderous language, and of apparently mere local interest, would have been hardly noticed. However, it must be said that Hansi, awkward writer though he be, is a delightful illustrator. A cartoon representing the ancestors of the looters of 1870, leaving France with sundials and clepsydras under their arms, in lieu of Boule or Falconet clocks, touched a very old fibre.

As to Loti's plea for Turkey, it is not immediately patriotic in tone, but it shows that the author of "*Rarahu*" has gone through the same evolution as Bourget, Lemaître, Capus, Lavedan, and even Marcel Prévost, and that his dilettantism has made room for more serious objects. Loti talks about politics like the man in the street or even the man before the mast, but his simplicity and ignorance are brave and refreshing, and the book, no matter how hurriedly written, is of irresistible eloquence.

The reader may be asking himself rather anxiously whether there was not a single volume published in the last quarter that may be spoken of as real literature. In fact many a quarter, and even many a half-year, often elapse without any book appearing worthy of being called true literature. But it has not been the case in the last three months. Maeterlinck's book on "*La Mort*" (Paris, Fasquelle, 1913, 3f. 50c.) and the novel of Maurice Barrès, "*La Colline Inspirée*" (Paris, Emile-Paul, 1913, 3f. 50c.) are literature, the latter volume even literature of a high order.

"*La Mort*" is immeasurably superior to "*Le Trésor des Humbles*" or "*Sagesse et Destinée*", which are thin in matter, meretricious in style, and owe largely their success to uninformed readers ascribing to these essays the merits—already exaggerated—of the author's plays. Maeterlinck has reached that stage in a writer's career in which he is sure of success, and need not try to secure attention by rarity or mannerisms. Instead of being deliberately obscure and overcharged with metaphors, "*La Mort*" is a clear, rapid, and—within the limits in which a very systematic mind is honest—sincere book. The style has movement and energy, and would be excellent without the icy cold glitter which, except in "*La Vie des Abeilles*", makes Maeterlinck's books look like empty marble halls of no special designs. Evidently Maeterlinck was interested in his subject, and the quiet confidence of his solutions gives them an air of reality which wins the reader's attention. The book might make a good basis for philosophical discussions.

The great fault which strikes us here, as in most of the author's productions, is his lack of philosophical training. It is true that philosophers contradict one another, and that the reasonings of the best known among them on the most momentous questions leave one uncertain. But the incapacity to handle philosophy technically causes another sort of anxiety. We feel that if a real metaphysician were to deal with Maeterlinck, he would have no difficulty in making him look crude in spite of his literary power. There is something contagious in the optimism prevalent through "*La Mort*", but it is the contagion of eloquence rather than that of truth. Even lay readers will promptly observe that Maeterlinck's logic is not strong; that he is a Monist in all his tenets and yet speaks as a spiritualist; that his belief in immortality is nullified by his other belief concerning the inevitable loss of consciousness after death; and, finally, that his whole book is a covert attack upon the doctrine of everlasting punishment, and probably rests much more upon the objections made against this doctrine than on any positive argument.

"*La Colline Inspirée*" appeared originally as a serial in "*La Revue Hebdomadaire*", and seems to have then disappointed the readers. Some found fault with its spirit, which they thought modernistic; others plainly pronounced it slow. Certainly the book was no success in the elegant and conservative circles which patronise the "*Revue*". It was very different with the critics, and apparently with the public at large, for the book sells well.

Novel readers invariably expect a special kind of interest in a romance, and that is exactly the kind of interest which Barrès cannot give them. He has plenty of imagination but no invention. Whenever he cannot sew on his embroidery of humour or lyricism he seems barren. It was the case with "*Colette Baudouche*", which, had it come from another pen, and especially in a time when the anti-German feeling was less strong, would have passed unnoticed. On the contrary, the novels which Barrès builds upon a real basis—"Les Déracinés" or "*Leurs Figures*"—are not only rich and full as psychological studies, but stirring.

"*La Colline Inspirée*" is the story of three Lorraine priests, the brothers Baillard, who died some thirty years ago, and whose misfortunes caused great local commotion. They were the sons of a farmer, seminary-bred, and the first part of their career was uneventful. But they were active and ambitious, and after they had been employed with success in parochial work for some years, they conceived a great plan. On the hill of Sion-Vaudémont—one of the best known spots of Lorraine—there had been a famous shrine which, succeeding a Gallo-Roman place of worship dedicated to the Celtic goddess Rosmertha, had attracted pilgrims during many centuries. Since the French Revolution, however, the place had gradually been deserted, and the Baillards set their hearts on reviving its old popularity. They thought at first that they would achieve their object. They managed to rebuild part of the old abbey and to create a religious order to serve it, and the pilgrims came back. But this success turned their heads. They indulged too much in the mania for building, ran into debt, and their Bishop, fearing lest they should create an unpleasant situation for him, warned, transferred, and finally punished them in the canonic way with a two months' retreat in a Carthusian monastery.

These nine weeks of retirement did not have the desired effect. When they were over, Leopold, the eldest and the most influential of the brothers, instead of going back to his work in his new parish, went to visit a Normand Seer of the name of Vintras, and returned, after a month, a perfect illuminate himself. His brothers and the nuns of their Order followed him, they spread strange doctrines, performed the ceremonies of a strange ritual, and promptly made a scandal in the country. Leopold, deprived of his living, resisted the Bishop with his brothers and a handful of his flock, got suspended, and in a short time the three men were exhausted between their resistance, the attention of the police, and the rapid alienation of the peasants. After various incidents, including imprisonment and a long

exile in London with Vintras, Leopold came back and haunted the neighbourhood of Sion-Vaudémont until his death, which, however, did not come until he had recanted.

Such is the subject which Barrès set himself to treat. He had the resources, but also the difficulties of having to deal with religious enthusiasm and the simplicity of peasant or semi-peasant souls. There was nothing in Leopold besides his passage from inborn orthodoxy to illuminism and the drama of a village scandal. This development Barrès has unfolded with rectilinear directness, adding nothing to his hero—unless, it may be, his own everlasting attention to the dead—but showing him in all the strength of his rustic and Homeric temperament.

The result is very wonderful. One finds, on shutting the book, that, in spite of its apparent lack of incidents, it teems with innumerable touches, showing you not only the three brothers and their immediate surroundings, but the whole environment in astonishing relief. Add that Barrès, though telling his tale with perfect objectivity, is present everywhere with his lyricism, his provincialism, his own personal problem of having to choose between freedom in thinking and feeling and religious discipline, and you will realise that "La Coline Inspirée" is nearer a poem than an ordinary novel. While it was being discussed, another serial in the "Revue des Deux Mondes", "Laure", by M. Emile Clermont, arrested attention also as literature of a rare quality, but as it will be republished in book form it seems preferable to leave it for the present with just this brief indication of its excellence.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FIRST LORD HARDWICKE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Lincoln's Inn, 26 May 1913.

SIR—Why does your reviewer of the first Lord Hardwicke's life say, tout court, that Charles, the second son, "was made Lord Chancellor and committed suicide the same day"? He was sworn Lord Chancellor on 17 January 1770, and three days later (20 January) died suddenly at his house in Great Ormond Street. His patent of peerage as Baron Morden was found lying unsealed on the table. No inquest was held. Lord Campbell states the facts and leaves the question of suicide open. Both Mr. Foss and Mr. J. M. Rigg ("D.N.B.") relegate the rumour to the category of the not proven, where, I submit, your reviewer should have left it, more especially as the matter in no sense comes within the scope of the book under review.

Yours faithfully

W. DIGBY THURNAM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Athenæum Club S.W. 25 May 1913.

SIR—Your interesting review of this great Chancellor's life, with its graphic picture of an age which every Englishman is thankful to have outlived, will be read by many who have not the time now for Mr. Philip Yorke's volumes, valuable to the student as they must be. But I looked in vain for a story told me some sixteen years ago by the late Mr. Justice Day, who probably got it from Lord Campbell. The great Chancellor, then Mr. Yorke, went the Northern Circuit and sat under a judge who was much given to shaking his finger at you in his forensic manner and repeating "Look you, d'you see?" on every occasion.

Mr. Yorke, then a very junior member of the Bar, was supposed to be taking notes of the cases in court, but, being clever with his pencil, spent his time in drawing caricatures of his Lordship, who was perhaps aware of this occupation. Anyhow, he very suddenly said from the bench:

"Mr. Yorke, what are you doing with that paper?"

"I beg your Lordship's pardon", replied Mr. Yorke, shuffling the papers on his desk. "I was only putting my 'Coke upon Littleton' into verse to remember it better."

"Read out your verses, Mr. Yorke, if you please", said the Judge.

"I will, my Lord", said Mr. Yorke, and read or extemporised:

"He that owneth lands in fee
Needeth not to shake, nor to shiver;
For — 'Look you, d'you see?'
They're his and his heirs' for ever."

I am Sir your obedient servant

S. L. N.

MRS. FAWCETT AND THE MILITANT SUFFRAGETTES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR—Has anyone really tried to fathom the objection of the public to so-termed militancy on the part of Suffragettes?

Public opinion is indifferent to questions of right or wrong; it leaves the churches and metaphysicians to dispute over such matters—and grow hot. The riots of the past in favour of the extension of the male suffrage, the anarchic activities of the Irish in favour of Home Rule, peaceful or warlike picketing and strikes of all kinds, however praised or condemned in the Press, have almost always left public opinion cold. Disputes, serious or trivial, between men have, by the general public, been regarded as natural, and militancy—even to something worse than the breaking of windows—has been winked at.

What touches public opinion is, I think, that in the question of woman suffrage the dispute is in great measure between men on the one hand and women on the other; this is why public opinion takes so strong a view as to militancy. If I am right, the reason for general dislike of anarchic women's tactics is obvious.

If physical force is to continue to rule the world women have no right to votes—no chance of votes. Men are the stronger: we could easily cut the throats of all women if we chose; women claim equality with men on the ground of equal intellect (and morality?), not on the ground of equal physical strength.

When, then, women engage with men in physical contest—for even mean little feminine attacks on unresisting windows and harmless pillar-boxes are physical in their nature—the man in the street feels indefinitely there is something wrong. He doesn't object to destruction of property if it is something he does himself for a reasonable cause—to get a vote or better pay or even for sheer cussedness—but he doesn't like women as a class doing it against men as a class; they are offensively attacking the stone wall of male superiority.

And then, again, they do not "play fair". When thrashed they refuse to take a licking—absolutely rely on the chivalry of a Home Secretary (a man!) for being allowed to blow up a church, scot-free!

So long as women rely on physical force, so long they must admit the supremacy of physical force. And the admission imports that might is right. In such case men have the right to govern for women.

The man in the street is not an ass; he is quite ready to argue the question of women's rights in cold blood. But he knows he is the stronger animal, and if the woman puts up a square fight he feels it his duty to thrash her and "sit on 'er 'ead".

Your obedient servant

F. C. CONSTABLE.

"THE WAGE AND THE LAND."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Scarcroft near Leeds

25 May 1913.

SIR—A chief factor in the economy of farming is the horse-power required to work the farm. Two

horses are needed for the mower and the reaper, and often for carting, while most English land requires two horses on the plough. Now two horses and their gears mean an expenditure of £90 and entail an annual charge, including allowance for depreciation, of £60 against the farm. Thirty acres of ploughed land and twenty acres of grass are generally considered to be the amount of land which can be comfortably worked by a pair of horses, and anything less than these quantities renders the cultivation of a small holding proportionately less profitable.

This being the general rule, and having made the fullest allowance for exceptions, I submit that I was not putting the average size of a small holding extravagantly high when I suggested thirty acres.

Yours faithfully

C. F. RYDER.

INCREMENT VALUE. DUTY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Springhill Clarkston Glasgow

24 May 1913.

SIR—Increment value duty has not, so far as I have seen, had justice done to it from any quarter in the parliamentary discussions which followed the opening of the Budget. I showed, in a letter which you printed on 19 April, that all the assessments which have become public through proceedings in the law courts were based on certain excrescences or superfluities of verbiage in the Act, one of which I quoted. I quote it again for clearness:

Clause 25 (2). The full site value of land means the amount which remains after deducting from the gross value of the land the difference (if any) between that value and the value which the fee simple of the land . . .

If the twenty-one words beginning with the eleventh are deleted the sense is not modified in any way.

Since the date of my letter I have had access to Hansard's reports of the 1909 debates; and can now assert that, if these twenty-one words have any right to be in the Act at all, they ought to be treated as having no significance whatever. They are not in Clause 25 (2) as amended in Committee, which may be read at Col. 662 of Hansard's report for 22 October 1909. Three days before, the Bill had been brought up on Report with 139 Government amendments, as to which Mr. Lloyd George said that there was not one, not being a mere verbal alteration, which had not been brought in by way of fulfilment of pledges given to the Opposition in Committee. With respect to those affecting this particular clause (numbered 14 as it left Committee) the Attorney-General, Sir W. Robson, asserted (Col. 244) that "they make no difference whatever after careful consideration of the new clause". In point of fact, Hansard's report does not contain a syllable about the interpolation of these twenty-one words. That amendment must be included in those referred to in the line "drafting amendments also made" at the middle of Col. 664, report 22 October 1909. Clearly, we cannot go wrong in taking the intention of Parliament from the Bill as amended in Committee, where that assists us in arriving at the meaning of the Act, especially as regards this interpolation.

Both the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer have promised the House of Commons that their forthcoming Revenue Bill will make provision for the due carrying out of the Government's intentions in the matter of increment value duty. The Government's intentions have been carried out only too faithfully. It will be observed that the effect of the twenty-one interpolated words on which I have been commenting is to bring gross value twice into the calculation of full site value, once additively and once subtractively. Without the interpolated words, gross value has nothing whatever to do with full site value. Well, when the Bill had

become an Act of Parliament, and before much, if any, of the provisional valuation work had been done, a set of "instructions to valuers" was issued by the Government (White Paper 1911, No. 238), of which the effect, in a word or two (so far as regards transfers on sale), is:

1. For the additive item in the calculation of site value take the consideration for the transfer.
2. For the subtractive item in the same calculation you need not necessarily take the consideration for the transfer.

Hence the wonderful results that have been shown by these calculations, as for instance a value of £20 raised to £270 in three months.

To my mind the most extraordinary part of the whole business is that, of the judges to whom it has fallen to try these cases, there is not one who has not, consciously or unconsciously, followed the twist given to the Act by these instructions. There is no authority, even in the Act as it stands, for giving two different amounts to the same value on the same occasion. The Commissioners have lost in several of these cases; but no decision has yet been given on the true and proper ground—the ground, namely, that if you take $x-y$ from x you cannot, except by a trick, get anything but y . I find that Mr. Pretyma in Parliament put the matter in precisely that form (Hansard, 19 October 1909, col. 247): "Why you cannot say y instead of . . . $x-(x-y)$ I cannot understand". A reason will probably have suggested itself to Mr. Pretyma some time ago.

One of the main effects of the "purely verbal" amendments brought forward on Report was the virtual incorporation of Clause 25 (2) in Clause 2, which prescribes the method of finding site value on an "occasion"; and it is the manner of this incorporation which has formed the crux of all the law cases. Clause 2, as amended in Committee—that is as approved by the House of Commons—will be found at Col. 206 of the report for 19 October 1909. For the first and principal deduction it is not dependent, as it is in the Act, on any other clause. It enacts that, to find the site value on the occasion of a transfer on sale, you take the consideration and deduct therefrom the part which is attributable to buildings etc. In other words, you take the value of the land as if it were divested of buildings. There are other deductions corresponding more or less to those in (b), (c), (d), (e) of clause 25 (4).

I am Sir your obedient servant

JOHN GOVAN.

FAITH-HEALING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Wells House Malvern Wells

21 May 1913.

SIR—You have the reputation of being able to approach ideas strange to and out of touch with the spirit of the age without bias or prejudice. You are looked up to, also, by many of your readers as nearly the only exponent among the secular Press of historic Christianity.

It is because your reference in last week's number (page 603) to "faith-healers and other kinds of psychological impostors" is a tarnish on your reputation and unworthy of your definitely Christian standpoint that I venture to write. Whatever your private opinion, Sir, it is surely nonsense to-day to talk of faith-healing as imposture. And your reference has an added sting, as a by no means insignificant or uncultured number hold that faith-healing largely entered into many of Our Lord's miracles.

I am Sir yours etc.

C. JENNINGS.

[That there is a subjective element in healing—the patient's own will—no one doubts; but that does not amount to faith-healing.—ED. S. R.]

REVIEWS.

THE GIPSY POET.

"Eve and other Poems." By Ralph Hodgson. London: Published for Lovat Fraser 25 Roland Gardens S.W. 1913. 6d.

WILLIAM MORRIS' description of himself in "The Earthly Paradise" as the idle singer of an idle day perhaps fits the maker of these lovely lyrics better than it fitted Morris. We fear that he may gravely displease people who hold that all poetry should have a high moral aim—that it should have a message. It may even be he will come under the ban of such critics of life and poetry as one of Tennyson's "wild poets" that "work without a conscience or an aim". For Mr. Ralph Hodgson has now been making verses about nine years—starting with the rapturous lines on "The Missel Thrush", which were printed in the SATURDAY REVIEW in 1904—and we cannot find in his work, perhaps some will call it his play, anything at all like "a message". He cannot or will not do the Imperialist business, nor the Overseas business. He cannot or will not do the Socialist business. We remember seeing a letter from a poet to a publisher in which the writer said he aspired to ride in high on the crest of the great wave which brought in the Radicals and the new humanity in 1906. Not such a mount for Mr. Hodgson. He makes not the least sign of hurling himself in rhythm at the "great vital questions of the hour, Sir". His total inability to hit the public running is now quite plain. If his friends ever looked for great feats from him in such matters, they had better give him up at once and search elsewhere. He cannot, he will never, Do It, Do It Now. As poet Mr. Ralph Hodgson evidently leads a highly irresponsible, haphazard kind of gipsy life. One of the two little poems in this chapbook or booklet is called "Time, You Old Gipsy Man"—

"Time, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?

Last week in Babylon,
Last night in Rome,
Morning, and in the crush,
Under Paul's dome;
Under Paul's dial
You tighten your rein—
Only a moment,
And off once again;
Off to some city
Now blind in the womb,
Off to another
Ere that's in the tomb".

But, looking through the small body of Mr. Hodgson's work—a little red book "The Last Blackbird" published in 1907 and now this toy "Eve"—one can hardly fail to be impressed by the gipsy character of the poet himself: real gipsy, not the faked up romantic stuff that is palmed off as gipsy. Here the gipsyhood is as true as in Arnold's poem or as in one of Birket Foster's little cuts—some group, say, on the Micheldever down, a bit of scarlet cloak, a tethered pony cropping the close turf, a wisp of smoke from the camp-fire among the speckly palmate orchids and blood-red and gold birds-foot trefoil.

The gipsyhood is all through that little red volume with its woodnote wild, its linked sweetness of the warbler and the finch, its passionate love verse of "Fancy Fair" mixed up with the thrushes; and its warm little firelight song of the books—a thing Elia would have loved!—ending with the bit of brag about putting Shelley into the fire—a song into which, by the way, is packed years of joyous, haphazard, irresponsible reading and much fine gold of criticism.

The same character marks this "Eve" booklet pub-

lished "At the Sign of Flying Fame" and decorated by Mr. Lovat Fraser's exquisite little reed-pen pictures—as captivating as tailpieces in Bewick. We would not be a bird of ill omen, but we fear that, for all the chance there is of the public crowding in for copies of "Eve", they might as well have published it from one of the gipsy vans on Micheldever down or up the Weston House lane at the old mill of the poet's own sedge warblers. No—the public will not pour in At the Sign of Flying Fame, but what a gem of a lyric this "Eve" is!—

"Eva!" Each syllable
Light as a flower fell,
'Eva!' he whispered the
Wondering maid.
Soft as a bubble sung
Out of a linnet's lung,
Soft and most silverly
'Eva!' he said.

Picture her crying
Outside in the lane,
Eve, with no dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,
Haunting the gate of the
Orchard in vain . . .
Picture the lewd delight
Under the hill to-night—
'Eva!' the toast goes round,
'Eva!' again".

The truth seems to be that the poet who would catch his public to-day, and indeed the inventor of all higher imaginative work, prose and verse alike, must first hit his public hard not only in the head—he must hit his public in the wind as well. He must not hesitate to strike his enemy if needs be below the intellectual belt; and he must, to make sure, hit the enemy when down—indeed that is the moment to do it. Now the weakness, the hopeless weakness, of Mr. Ralph Hodgson is that he seems not to have the least idea how to strike the public, and not the least wish to strike the public, either above or below the belt.

He is just the idlest poet of the idlest day. He sings "but as the linnet pipes". Yet it may be that his weakness now will prove some day a strength; for it is not really to be believed that work like this "Eve", full of magic vision and all the witchery of word and passion, should be lost. The verses would have made richer a page of Blake; and written in the time of Blake they would long afterwards have found their way into the "Golden Treasury". So people who have laid out sixpence on "Eve" or three-and-sixpence on "The Last Blackbird" need not be too uneasy. They will have their treat now, if they like the authentic muse; and it may come about that years hence they will find their treasures priced in the old bookshop lists at more than sixpence, more than three-and-sixpence even. We know what happened to Fitzgerald's trifle of a booklet, and what happened to Shelley's small volume published at Pisa. It is only a question of time. Genius must come by its own in all printed things—in the end.

The only question is how long must genius, whether in poetry or prose, wait? It is here apparently that Lord Rosebery and Lord Curzon differ. Lord Rosebery seems to think it does better when it waits longest or at any rate starves hardest. We would not misinterpret Lord Rosebery, but this appears his line. Lord Curzon is strongly against the starvation plan—or theory. It is a very obscure, a very subtle question. Let us admit—a secure Chatterton might never have given us glorious Rowley. One cannot say which is truer. But it is easy to see that anyhow Lord Curzon is a thousand times more generous. Everyone who cares for or dimly understands what is good and rare in writing, and who knows about the blind struggles of authors—with the dread of the madhouse or the pauper's grave to end it all—will value Lord Curzon's brave words.

• "MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND."

"The History of English Patriotism." By Esme Wingfield-Stratford. Two vols. London: Lane. 1913. 25s.

MR. STRATFORD'S treatment of his subject discloses the difficulty he doubtless felt in giving historic coherence to what it is so hard to represent as the growth of a virtue. His review is historic in sequence, he leads us through the ages, but from the outset difficulties beset him, from the impossibility of presenting patriotism as ever with us a national affair. There has been, as he sees plainly, a patriotism of the Crown, of a class or of a party; but, even in the great days of Elizabeth, it has never been a patriotism of the people, nor moved to an end common to all. Consequently his essay is as often philosophic as historical, an inclination advertised by his difficulty in defining in what patriotism may be said to consist. A patriot must obviously be a man who wishes well to his country, but a difficulty at once arises when we come to consider the manner of his wishing. Can we include as patriots those who pray for disaster to their country's arms, or even go further than that to ensure defeat for them? Yet will not our refusal impose on every minority in Government an obligation too grievous to be borne? There is a point on one side where the patriot becomes a Chauvinist just as there is one on the other where he becomes a cosmopolitan. Patriotism lies between the two, but it is practically impossible to fix its actual limits. Neither is it easy to enter for patriotism an essential defence; all that really can be said for it is that it has hitherto provided for mankind a more productive faith than anything offered by a sheer effort of wisdom as its substitute. Regarding that productiveness there can be no question, even when one looks for instances outside the Western world. The great patriotic periods in the history of a State can generally be marked upon its artistic output. Not always immediately and directly, since the patriotic impulse has often moved most warmly and decisively in the breasts of women, and its influence can with a surprising regularity be traced by its effect on their creative powers. It is curious how great men tend to be born in well-marked periods which have followed or been coincident with a time of national stress or triumph, and it is as observable that times of peace and prosperity are usually not productive of movements in art or in literature which prelude great achievements and set their print permanently on national life. Plainly patriotic determination, even when somewhat circumscribed in its conception, has a way of coinciding with the most memorable moments in the nation's life.

Italy in the Middle Ages offered an instructive field for the observation of this coincidence. Nowhere did national sentiment burn with so fierce and self-centred a flame as in the various States whose rival ambitions lent so picturesque an air to the intellectual dawn which heralded the Renaissance. Nowhere was patriotism confined to narrower issues; nowhere could its foiling have been more bitter, or its triumph wedded to a less imposing or even a less profitable result. Yet it is by the heat of that flame that we may measure the value of its creative and imaginative force, and, where it never took fire or burned but palely, we find in place of the masterpieces which still set an example to the world a strange failure of both heart and brain, declared by their concentration on the secondary or imitative aims of art. And the story of Venice and of Florence, of Siena and Pisa, is the story of Athens and of Rome, of Spain, of France and of our own country. There must be some savour of righteousness in an inclination which marches with so much of what is indisputably the nobler mind of man.

Nor is it hard to find a reason. In the baser sort of patriotism there may be a selfish interest, a man may regard his country from a merely mercantile point

of view, and desire her welfare as securing the stability of his profits. But patriotism is for the most part an unreasoned passion, and in its sturdier demonstrations men seldom consider what they have to gain from it, as rarely as what they have to lose. Loss indeed more often than profit is the patriot's portion, especially when what he considers the honour of his country is concerned, and the very uncertainty of the reward is proof of an elevation, and proof moreover that not posterity alone is concerned in the stability of its adventure. Japan has furnished an example of the extent to which patriotism of a convincing type may be based upon a reverence for the ancestral spirits, and though in the West we may not carry our consciousness of the past to such a sublime determination, there can be no true patriotism which does not consider the State's entity in time as in place, and regard its responsibilities as definitely related to its great spirits in the past as to the unborn possibilities of the future.

Such a conception of the State must purge patriotism of every sordid element by which its interests might be deflected. When Pericles spoke to the men of Athens on the duties of patriotism it was on the past that most notably he bade them ponder, that while fixing their eyes day by day upon the greatness of Athens till they were filled with the love of her, they should remember the men to whom they owed her glories, the ancestors who had never ceased to inhabit the land which by their valour they had handed down from generation to generation, and who were ever ready to give their lives to their country to avoid any chance of their virtue being lost to it. This sense of the personality of the State is not a mere oratorical exuberance, it has been the theme of philosophers from Plato to Burke, and has never been more magnificently voiced than in the thunders of the Hebrew prophets; and we may very plausibly consider the marvellous continuity of the Hebrew nation as due in a great measure to this reverence for the past, which prefers to connect even their conception of deity with the ancestor from whom they count descent. "The fixed and unquestioning recognition of this, our country's personality, that life compact of numberless other lives, is the first and great commandment of patriotism." From that pronouncement it will surely be difficult even for those to differ who seem to regard all the evil tendencies of a nation to be summed up in patriotism. To such it would be in vain to commend any work on a subject which they can only consider as devoted to unworthy ends. Yet if they can endure any record of life and deed spent to attain the national greatness which they so comfortably inherit, they will find in these volumes a moderation even where perhaps they would expect it least.

The ground covered is considerable and the method demands an observance of minutiae which is hawk-like in its searching patience. Book I. deals with the foundations of patriotism, from the first beginnings of national consciousness, the Saxon's patriotism, the Norman ideal, the gradual and tightening hold of the Church; and so to the end of the Middle Ages, in which ecclesiasticism and the national spirit were so closely interwoven—as even architecture bears witness—and through the days of the Tudors, when patriotism was excusably fickle, to the Reformation and the growth of a national spirit in opposition to the Church. The second book traces the fluctuating fortune of patriotism from the Restoration, under the triumph of oligarchy to the struggle with Louis XIV. Pitt's is the first figure that clearly emerges from that depressing period, but it was not until the revival of romance in letters that the nation regained a consciousness of the inheritance which had been abandoned.

In the second volume the story is carried from the French Revolution to the present day, and its pages include naturally matters more acutely in debate and in consequence also of more acute interest. With their conclusions doubtless many will find themselves in disagreement, but few will dispute the idealism of their

point of view. There is perhaps a little too much disposition to treat minor symptoms as of too great importance. Much of what seems to us of first significance may be scarcely noticed by historians to come. It is probably vain to recommend the book to readers of an opposite creed in politics, to the Little Englander, and the International Liberal, yet even these might obtain some illumination from its pages, and a sense of profounder obligation and encouragement must accrue to those who still find in their country an incentive to lovely and noble deeds.

ONE OF WELLINGTON'S AIDES-DE-CAMP.

"Correspondence of Lord Burghersh, afterwards eleventh Earl of Westmorland, 1808-1840." Edited by his Granddaughter, Rachel Weigall. London: Murray. 12s. net.

THIS is on the whole a disappointing book. The fact that Lord Burghersh's name is familiar to the public as an aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington during the early years of the Peninsular War, and later on when, as our Minister at Florence, he had to deal with various events of historic interest in connexion with Napoleon's downfall, reasonably gives rise to expectations which certainly are not fulfilled. Thus his letters from the Peninsula contain nothing new of the slightest military importance. The book opens when, at the age of twenty-five, he was a spectator of the forcing of the Dardanelles by Admiral Duckworth, about which he writes two letters to his father, Lord Westmorland. Next year he is with Sir Arthur Wellesley in Portugal, but he tells us nothing of the fighting in 1808, and very little of the stirring events in Spain during the following two years, when he was aide-de-camp to the British commander. Present at the battle of Talavera, he writes his father a long account of that action, and somewhat naively attributes the failure of our cavalry there "to some mistake or accident". As a matter of fact they were hopelessly outnumbered and paralysed by the strong force of French horsemen. After Talavera he was sent by Wellington on a roving commission to Granada, Murcia, and Valencia, to report upon the French movements and the doings of the Spaniards to resist them. What Wellington's views of the Spanish recruit of this period were is contained in a letter from him to Lord Burghersh, written from Badajoz in December 1809: "The Spaniard is an undisciplined savage, who obeys no law, despises all authority, feels no gratitude for benefits conferred or favours received, and is always ready with his knife or his firelock to commit murder".

Early in 1811 Lord Burghersh returned to England, and the Peninsula saw him no more. Some of Wellington's letters to him after this date are of interest, although they contain nothing new to the military student. Thus the account of his abortive siege of Badajoz in 1811, and how, owing to the utter failure of the British Cabinet to provide him with any battering train, he was compelled to use the old Portuguese guns from Elvas, would be amusing were it not so serious. "The shot did not fit the guns. The guns were 150 years old and were destroyed by the use of them. . . . We fired at a mud wall for eight days within 400 and 600 yards and could not break it."

In the spring of 1814 Lord Burghersh was appointed British Minister to the Court of Tuscany at Florence, and here he remained during the eventful years which saw Napoleon's escape from Elba, the Waterloo campaign, and the exile of Napoleon to St. Helena. There are several letters from Sir Neil Campbell, which are of considerable interest, dealing with Napoleon at Elba. True they have already appeared in Sir Neil Campbell's Journals, published in 1869, but they find a suitable place in this book, as do some of Wellington's letters which appeared in Gurwood and elsewhere. In a letter from Campbell to Lord Castlereagh Napoleon's views (when at Elba) upon the invasion of England, the duties of the British fleet to prevent the same, and like matters,

are given at length. Napoleon threw great ridicule upon the absurdity of the Emperor of Austria making the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia Colonels of Austrian regiments. "What childishness!" he exclaimed, possibly with some reason. Some of Neil Campbell's semi-official language in his reports to our Ministers is delightfully to the point. Thus he alludes to Napoleon as "this revolutionary firebrand", or sometimes, when in a tenderer vein, as "that ruffian Bonaparte".

The story of the Emperor Alexander's passage of arms with the Duke of Wellington at Vienna in 1815 is well told. Alluding to Napoleon's escape from Elba, "the Emperor asked with a good deal of violence: 'Pourquoi l'avez-vous laissé échapper?' Lord Wellington coolly asked in his turn: 'Pourquoi l'y avez-vous placé?'"

More than half of the latter portion of the book is devoted to Murat's revolt and execution, to the interminable political machinations of Austria in Italy, the revolution in Naples in 1821, the Turkish revolution of the same year, and the general unrest of Europe at this period, most of which has long since become ancient history. The correspondence after 1830, when Lord Burghersh resigned his post at Florence, deals with home politics and the Reform Bill, and closes in 1840, just when the Eastern Question was becoming a serious menace to the peace of Europe.

TECHNIQUE IN MODERN PAINTING.

"The Technique of Painting." By C. Moreau-Vauthier. London: Heinemann. 1912. 10s. 6d.

WE imagine that this book will make several people most uneasy, collectors, painters, dealers and forgers in especial. M. Moreau-Vauthier, who has been admirably translated, writes with amusing pungency and crisp authority. The downy beds on which collectors stretch themselves will be found, by those who have read his chapter on forgeries, stuffed with unsuspected thorns of doubt. Surely no race of criminal was ever so devilishly plausible as the forger. His dupe fondly shows off the antiquity of a canvas; "Marouflage" pitilessly replies M. Moreau-Vauthier, — a brand-new front glued on an old back, a German chromolithograph pasted on a sixteenth-century canvas and steeped in liquorice and ashes. Artificial fly-spots, bakers' ovens; cultivated mildew, subtle "restorations"; invisible signatures which the dear purchaser discovers for himself after having the picture cleaned, and well-chosen compôtes, in which are mingled characteristic features of the master's collective œuvre; these are the baits and snares from which the poor prey cannot escape. Apropos of the last device have we not just experienced the controversy over the Weber "Christ and the Adulteress" attributed to Rembrandt. In this business we had the gull actually pointing to the fact that the picture was made up of bits derived from other pictures, genuinely Rembrandt's, and basing his idea of authenticity on such damaging evidence.

But it is not only forged old masters that will bring sleeplessness to collectors. The great and fabulously expensive Impressionists and their illustrious successors who "speak all languages, dead and living; they indulge in cant and dialects; they perorate and they stammer, they experiment in Esperanto and in the babble of babes and sucklings"; all, it seems, are doomed. Blankly ignorant of science, "splitting themselves" to dazzle by brilliant handling or to impress by careful artlessness and primitive coarse rudeness modern painters have loaded their patrons with investments that our crude City slang would define as rotten. A brief while and their paintings shall perish miserably.

For artists, too, this is a poor prospect, especially for those with a mission to lighten far posterity. We can imagine that painters will conceive a horrible mistrust of their colourmen, suspecting their primings, size and pigments yet haplessly unable to get on without them, so dependent have they grown. But we incline

to take M. Moreau-Vauthier's view that honest and sound colourmen are not extinct; that indeed the rottenness of modern painting is largely in spite of the really excellent material provided. Ordered process is practically a lost science. In the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries painters, however tedious as artists, still had the habit of starting, carrying on and finishing their work on a systematic and thoroughly understood plan. Three sittings usually completed the most elaborate portraits. Making no wrong shots and fully knowing as they went how to develop one stage of their painting into the next, these despised "face painters" achieved quality of craftsmanship by avoiding muddled pigment. But Reynolds began to change all that, and the Impressionists finished the revolution with remarkable thoroughness. Instead of working by a traditional recipe which ruled out subtlety of lighting and values painters now work from hand to mouth with no formulated plan of technique. The effect they got on Monday is superseded by another on Wednesday, which is heavily and hastily painted over Monday's. The fantastic texture of modern impasto, with its great gouttes and nodules of fat paint, is another cause of doom. Varnishing, cleaning and re-lining, ticklish operations on ordinary even-surfaced pictures, will be desperate adventures in the case of modern loaded work. No picture-cleaner will submit to so outrageous an ordeal as the task of re-lining or transferring paintings of this make.

The world then must be resigned to losing most of the famous nineteenth-century pictures. Sometimes we see artists who in hot youth broke all the technical commandments in an indiscreet passion for extravagant pigment, now beginning to reflect upon the future life their pictures are "in for", as one says. Sincerely repentant, they try to make their peace with posterity by ensuing sounder craftsmanship. Then we observe that their early wildnesses are not all loss, because through spending themselves on expressing new discoveries, even at the cost of durability, these painters have indestructibly added to our common knowledge. To reconstitute a technique that shall perpetuate these gains is the next necessary and after all not impossible step in the evolution of art.

This book of M. Moreau-Vauthier is a sound guide in matters technical. That it shows no familiarity with eminent English writings on methods of painting, Eastlake's and Mrs. Merrifield's and Mrs. Heringham's, for instance, does not weaken its practical value. The lists of colours—durable, tolerable and anathema—are good and true, the diagrammatic reproductions most instructive; but we cannot think why the author says that cadmium red is a substitute for rose-madder.

SCOTLAND AND JACOBINISM.

"Scotland and the French Revolution." By Henry W. Meikle. Glasgow: Maclehose. 1912. 10s. net.

WE gather from the preface and introduction to Mr. Meikle's book that it is founded upon a thesis, submitted for the Degree of a Doctor of Letters, and that the facts narrated prove or suggest the formation of opinions in Scotland influenced by the French Revolution. If this proposition is not proved, the work still remains a valuable thesis, and we are pleased to learn that it was accepted by the University of Edinburgh. The theory is that dissatisfaction with the conduct of public affairs in the reign of King George III., beginning with the mismanagement of the American Colonies, and ending with the War of Independence, was developed under the inspiration of the democratic doctrines proclaimed by the Revolutionaries in France.

The sequence of events is admirably stated, and a number of societies of a more or less revolutionary nature are mentioned, with a full description of their proceedings. Their existence has long been forgotten, and the names of preachers of, and martyrs to, doc-

trines which are now among "Liberals" regarded as dogmas are in this book rescued from oblivion. The works of those who wrote in opposition to the then prevailing ideas of government and trade are now classics, and their authors' names are household words, but inasmuch as the truth of their arguments, based on common sense and clear reasoning, is now self-evident, their appearance seems to us coincident with rather than caused by the French Revolution. Nevertheless the history of the "Friends of the People" and its numerous sections; of the foundation of newspapers such as the "Beacon" and the "Sentinel" and above all of the "Edinburgh Review" is of the deepest interest; and Mr. Meikle has undoubtedly rendered a great service to the history of the period during which reigned Kings George III. and IV. The government of Scotland by Lords Advocate, and under the domination of Henry Dundas (Lord Melville) was no doubt intolerable. There was no real representation of the people. All the boroughs, some of the counties, and the whole representative peerage was in the pocket of the Minister of the Crown, himself the creature of the predominant English party.

It needed no Revolution in France to call the attention of a people rapidly developing in material wealth and mental calibre to the preposterous manner in which they were governed, but the intellect of such men as Adam Smith was needed to guide inquirers to the true meaning and nature of wealth and the necessity of freeing trade from the trammels of monopoly and local restraint. Whatever sympathy the theories of Rousseau and his children of the Revolution may have at first excited in Scotland was annihilated by their subsequent career of crime.

Of the many interesting facts brought to our knowledge in this book, we note the existence of a strike in July 1787, when the Glasgow weavers refused to work at the usual rates of pay; that barracks were first instituted for the purpose of keeping soldiers from fraternising with the discontented, as they were apt to do when billeted; and that the indignation of the populace when their rioting was suppressed took the form of burning schoolhouses and parish registers. The mode of suppressing riots, and the prejudice with which ringleaders were tried, would certainly find no advocate to-day, and that passions were inflamed is not amazing; but it is undoubtedly indicated how vile such passions can become when they prompt men to destroy the records of the human race.

Mr. Meikle adds a valuable bibliography, a most useful addition which has of late been adopted by several Scottish writers; but we find no mention of Professor John Millar's "Historical View of the English Government", one of the clearest and best written treatises of the time. Neither does Mr. Meikle mention the residence at Holyrood for several years of the Royal Family of France, which might be expected to, and certainly did, cause a reaction in the feelings of the Edinburgh population, as agreeably narrated by Mr. A. F. Stewart in his "Exiled Bourbons in Scotland". The book is nevertheless most interesting and instructive, and we cordially recommend it to the public. The cynical remark of Voltaire with which the introduction concludes is not in the twentieth century altogether without weight. The policy of the anarchists and some of the Socialists of the present day appears to us far more closely connected with the French Revolution than the speeches and pamphlets of the eighteenth century in Scotland. We do not imagine that the lending of public schools to blasphemers of the Christian faith, or the popular approval of the vindictive taxation of political opponents, would have been tolerated by the "Friends of the People". The truth is that the right of the people to be represented in Parliament, and to fancy they govern, in opposition to the theory that some only have the right to govern was the assertion of the old Liberals recorded by Mr. Meikle, and the number of those who desired the overthrow of the Monarchy and Constitution was infinitesimal.

MR. BERESFORD'S SECOND FLIGHT.

"Goslings." By J. D. Beresford. London: Heinemann. 1913. 6s.

AS might have been expected of Mr. Beresford, who in the last two years has sandwiched between two portions of a remarkable biographic study an equally remarkable philosophic romance, "Goslings" is both a novel and a great deal more than a novel.

The Goslings consist of paterfamilias, a clerk in a City warehouse, his wife and two daughters, and they occupy the stage for most of the drama. They are not so certainly the principal characters that we do not suspect Mr. Beresford of aiming a cynical shaft, in choosing their name, at the great mass of our nation of shopkeepers. That, however, is immaterial. Mr. Beresford's purpose is to show what would happen to a modern civilised community if it were left with an immense preponderance of the female sex—not the present mere majority, but a proportion of something over a thousand to one. To effect this he imagines a bacillus that produces a highly infectious disease, of which the peculiarity is that it attacks men far more virulently than it attacks women; and in a series of clever pictures shows us England—particularly London and the inhabitants thereof—in successive states of incredulity, panic, rout and exodus, followed after some lapse of time by various attempts at reorganisation of industry under the new régime. We need scarcely linger to announce to readers of Mr. Beresford's earlier works that the several episodes are brilliantly described: it is unfortunate that one cannot help comparing Mr. Beresford's style, even in the division of his chapters and the enumeration of sections, to that of Mr. H. G. Wells. The narrative of the spread of the panic is strongly reminiscent of Mr. Wells' short story "The Star," and the "trek" of the Gosling women from their old home through the belts of varying civilisation round London, is told in a very Wellsian manner. Not so successful is the account of the forced expedition in search of food made by Blanche and Millie Gosling from Putney to Westminster, and it seems to us highly improbable that, within two months of its desertion by its populace, London would be a heap of decay.

The first two-thirds of the book goes gaily; but when Mr. Beresford begins to push his theories uphill, and attempts to construct a vision of England divided into small communities of women, with a single man here and there, the immensity of the problem he has set himself begins to be apparent. He shows us only two communities that possess a man; one simply consists of a human chanticleer ruling a roost of human hens; in the other, Jasper Thrale, being a misogynist, applies himself to the furtherance of all social ends except the most important one. Mr. Beresford's theories do not all flatter women, but they are extremely interesting. For instance, he finds that women can exist on manual labour, but cannot manage machinery; we presume he implies that they could form a self-supporting community, but not develop it to the point at which external trading begins. This and other more vital things he throws out, provoking us to reconsider essentials—and then lets the whole theme drop suddenly as if he were tired of playing with his idea. The knot of his romance is cut by the arrival of a draft of men from America, where the bacillus did not arrive until its virulence was almost exhausted. In short, as one of those Americans might have put it, Mr. Beresford has bitten off a larger chunk than he can chew.

If one could represent in "graphs" the rise and fall of the intellectual interest in "The Hampden Wonder" and in "Goslings", the two curves would very nearly coincide. Mr. Beresford has carefully thought out two theses which the ordinary man, glimpsing them, would hastily dismiss as "unthinkable": in the former book we were shown the elimination of mystery from life, and in the new one we have a picture of the elimination of mystery from love (to put it

shortly). His mind is apparently of an analytic and destructive tendency, seeking a bottom to science and probing humanity, and finding nothing; falling back in the last sentence of the book on a confession of a sense of mystery—though nothing so beautiful as the epilogue to "The Hampden Wonder".

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Marius the Epicurean: His Sensations and Ideas." By Walter Pater. Two Vols. London: Philip Lee Warner, Publisher to the Medici Society, Ltd. 1913. 30s. net.

It is very right that the Medici Press should have its own edition of Pater's greatest work. The book deserves perfection in type and paper; and when the Medici Society print a book we get perfection. It is an unqualified pleasure in a day when hurry is the vogue and hustle the way to success to be able to handle such really good work as this. There must be a remnant left who have time, because they will have time, to value a beautiful fount, a fastidious and flawless format. One can only wish the Medici Society prosperity and the heart to go on with their good work, which is consoling to the "noble few, the good distressed".

"Thomas Campion and the Art of English Poetry." By Thomas Macdonagh. Dublin: Hodges and Figgis. 1913. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Macdonagh's book is a dissertation on Thomas Campion's "Observations in the Art of English Poesie"; but it includes a biography and twenty pages of selections from Campion's English poems, and it develops into "something like a complete treatise on English metrics and rime". As the whole covers little more than a hundred pages and is not closely written, it can be imagined that the book is an awkward one. Mr. Macdonagh's danger is viewiness. He has discovered that there are two main kinds of verse in English, which he distinguishes as song-verse and speech-verse; and he tells us that while "song-verse may be spoken or chanted, but it still suggests an air", speech-verse "has its origin in human speech as distinguished from song. It is a development of speech through oratory and the like, not from or through vocal music". But he rambles hither and thither without proving this or anything else. What emerges at the end is unsatisfactory. Mr. Macdonagh is a pupil of Mr. T. S. Omond, and, except that he is younger, has no advantage over his master in discussing the time-spaces or isochronous periods which he prefers to feet as units of verse. He has gone far enough to be able to say that verse like "Paradise Lost" loses by being set to music, even to a recitative; that some verse can be sung, but is better chanted, like Campion's "When thou must home to shades of underground"; that some should and even must be sung—he goes so far as to say that some of Campion's "not only suggest the tune, but at times even the instrument to which the poet sang, the throbbing of the lute, and at times an undertone as of other strings in concord". He can talk lightly and suggestively round and round his subject, but he leaves us where Dr. Saintsbury left us in his "History of Prosody"—in a bog of prose.

"Wagner's Teachings by Analogy." By Edwin Evans, sen. London: Reeves. 1913. 2s. 6d. net.

Few musicians have time to read all Wagner's prose works; fewer to disentangle their various meanings; and as the world grows older fewer still will feel inclined to do so. When an artist has completed a work, said Wagner, he stands before it puzzled as to the meaning of his own creation; and of no artist is this truer than of Wagner. Only, unfortunately, he was not content to remain puzzled and leave the labour of elucidation to others; he tried to solve the puzzles presented by his operas, and he published the results. As he had beforehand written a very great deal to demonstrate what he ought to do and meant to do, his explanations are far more puzzling than his musical works. But in the course of his writings there are many interesting and illuminating pages, and from these Mr. Edwin Evans has culled, condensed, and explained a number of "analogies". Few of them can be accepted as thoroughly sound; yet they are suggestive, and reveal a great deal about Wagner. In fact, whenever Wagner leaves off spinning illogical webs of reasoning from fallacious premisses he holds our attention because of the interest of his self-revelation. In this book, the most valuable of the sort yet issued, we get in a small space a clear insight into the workings of Wagner's mind.

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THE Seventy-fourth Annual Meeting of the proprietors of the General Life Assurance Company was held on Wednesday, Mr. Alfred James Shephard (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Manager and Secretary (Mr. John Robert Freeman) having read the notices.

The Chairman said: The report which we have to consider and, I hope, pass to-day, is one of a particularly favourable character. This is the seventy-fourth meeting of the Company and the fifteenth quinquennial meeting. The year shows an amount of business done just about equal to that of the preceding year, while the deaths have been less. The interest on our investments has remained practically the same, and our funds have materially increased. It is a year, therefore, which we may call good. In reference to the quinquennium, the accounts show the Company to be in a very much better position than it was five years ago. On that occasion the directors were under the unpleasant necessity of advising the proprietors to place the whole of the surplus (£93,161 3s. 1d.) to reserve in order to meet the shrinkage which had occurred during the quinquennium in the securities of the Company. This was done with a view to putting the Company in a position beyond all possibility of criticism, and I am glad to be able to say that not only have we this sum still in reserve, but that there is a surplus of £12,923 6s. 5d., our reserve fund, therefore, being in the whole £146,421 4s. 9d. This surplus would have been considerably larger except that (as everyone knows) there has been during the quinquennium, and particularly during the last year, a still further shrinkage in the value of gilt-edged securities. The Company has suffered by this to a considerable extent, but it is after meeting the shrinkage that we still have this surplus of £12,923 6s. 5d. The accounts for the quinquennium show a net working profit of £86,902 3s. 11d. I think you will all join with me in the expression of our hearty gratification that the sum is so large. This profit, according to our deed of settlement, is divisible as follows—namely, £29,861 6s. 2d. to the proprietors and £57,101 3s. 9d. to the policy-holders. The surplus on the reserve fund enables us to add to the respective funds £4,123 1s. 2d., and £8,800 5s. 3d., making a total for the proprietors of £33,924 1s. 4d., and £65,901 9s. to be divided among the policy-holders. Dealing first with the proprietors' fund, I trust that you, gentlemen, will agree with the directors when they ask you to place our surplus to reserve rather than to increase our dividend. We shall then be in a most satisfactory position, inasmuch as we shall be able out of the present profits not only to repay the £9,735 8s. 3d. which we have during the last quinquennium devoted to dividends, but to hand over to the policy-holders £2,609, the sum mentioned in the report as needed to make up the compound reversionary bonus in series 2 to £1 per cent. per annum, and still have enough in hand to pay our usual 10 per cent. dividend for the next five years. This will enable us to start the next quinquennium in a most favourable position. I submit the accounts with great confidence, feeling that you must agree with me that the result of the present quinquennium is in a high degree satisfactory both to the proprietors and to the policy-holders. The directors and the staff and the agents of the Company will be able to approach the next five years with bright expectations, and I am quite sure, looking especially at the fact that we are again a bonus-paying Company, that we shall be able to show even better returns at the end of the present quinquennium. He concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts.

The Deputy-Chairman (Lord Arthur Cecil) seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously; and a resolution was passed declaring the dividend recommended.

Cordial votes of thanks were afterwards passed to the Chairman, the directors, the secretary, and the staff.

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